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THIS PASSION CALLED LOVE

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BY

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and "The Philosophy of Love"

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HOW TO ATTRACT THE MAN YOU DESIRE

CHAPTER I

HOW TO ATTRACT THE MAN YOU DESIRE

Now what, really, *is* love? We are here talking of love between the sexes—that is, the state of being "in love"—not of love between parents and children and friends, and brother to brother, sister to sister, or love for humanity. Love between the sexes, taken in the guise in which it shows itself to us on this planet, is the spiritual and glamorous disguise which envelops the coarser nature instinct for re-creation of species. A man or a woman in love is unconsciously drawn by the mating instinct—no matter how he or she may truly believe that the desire for union and nearness and companionship is something purely spiritual. Nature's message is always carry on —reproduce—propagate. And so, since we live on the earth planet, we must all be affected by Nature's laws. The lowest animal stage of life

obeys this urge, but one of the things which differentiates man from the animal is his capacity to amalgamate the divine spiritual emotion with the instinct for re-creation. The spiritual part of love, in the broad sense, is sacrifice—that is, all individuals, while in love, desire to curb selfish desires in the interest of the loved one, however selfish the natural character may be. If this sacrificial element is not in the emotion, then it is not really love, but merely a demonstration of animal passion.

The less there is of the spiritual element in the state of being in love, the shorter will be the passion's duration because of the nature law of decay. Spiritual things are divine and eternal, but all that is of the earth, is subject to decay and change. An animal passion destroys itself with satiation—and since it is animal, it is only mated upon the physical plane and goes the way of all physical things.

Love between the sexes is the sole real happiness—everything else is second best—a very good makeshift, sometimes, but mating with the

loved one is the only complete joy on this earth.

Then how to achieve this joy? Before she marries, a girl practically has her life in her own hands—afterwards she has taken on either some limitation or some responsibility. As a general principle, not to show too much eagerness is the first thing to remember, the object being to secure your heart's desire, for even if he is the meekest male creature, a man likes to think that he can do his own hunting! In this country where every girl can have two or three swains to choose from, she can give herself more airs than in any other, the men from their cradles having been accustomed to the dominating influence of women—they are trained to take their lead from them, and generally do. Women's ways with men are quite different to men's ways with women—because through all the ages, women have had to secure their desires by intelligence as opposed to force. So this has developed in them an instinct which does not come from reason. They act from impulse often—they have intuition where men have no guide. And so, even at this

hour of freedom for them, the old methods still show in their treatment of men and situations. They use deliberate cunning and are more or less natural vampires. So, being endowed with this heritage, a girl has only to want any particular man and she can generally get him. I am now going to cite cases where the initial desire has been on the woman's side and the man is not yet illuminated. The clever girl begins by watching the man's character, likes, and dislikes. Then she stimulates his interest in whatever subject she has discovered holds his thoughts. He finds himself drawn by her sympathy. Or it may be wiser in some cases for her to present a picture to him of a woman the exact opposite to what he believes that he likes, and the surprise arouses his interest—for the main thing is to attract his attention and arouse his interest. The girl is too intelligent to talk about herself and her likes and dislikes, or to show egotism in any way. A man not yet interested in a woman becomes bored to death directly she speaks of herself, although, when he grows to be in love with her, this is one

of the subjects which interests him most! The girl out on the hunt has to study the methods of hunters—their quarry is approached according to the nature of the beast. A man would never expect to secure a timid deer by running at it and shouting—nor would he use the same methods in hunting tigers that he would employ in ensnaring rabbits. When men go a-hunting, they really put whatever intelligence they have into the game. But thousands of women, hunting that rare and complicated animal, man, just express themselves and then blame fate for not giving them the mates they wanted. But if you control your ego and study the man—let him understand that he will probably receive sympathy for his fads and tastes with you—or in the other case that his curiosity and fighting instincts will have stimulation—you will have aroused his interest. Then it lies in your own hands, girls, how deeply you ensnare the poor fellow—as once his interest is aroused you have only to feed it and he is yours. Of course there are natures which may be utterly antagonistic, and nothing you could do or

say could draw them to you. When you have become convinced of this, then have courage to control your own emotion and give up the quest. There is nothing so pitifully contemptible as a woman in love with a man who does not care for her. So when they first meet men, I would warn young girls to try and hold back every feeling which may be aroused. Never give easily. Do not give at all until you know that the man is attracted really, and then only in small doses—for, in front of every woman are always the three specters, of Satiety—Man's Polygamous Nature—and his Hunting Instinct. It is unnatural for him to be faithful to you—he only can remain so if you fulfill his need for variety—and in yourself supply the answer to all his vagrant wants. Never bore him or satiate him—or let him slumber in peaceful certainty about you!—or a force far beyond his control will tempt him to look elsewhere.

It is much more easy to make a man in love with you than to keep him so. Tremendously popular girls often show ten beaux languishing

for them one season and quite indifferent to them the next. And then some quiet, unimportant looking creature will arouse the passionate love of one or two worth while men and hold them for years. To analyze the reason of this, it is because the popular girl is dissipating her forces. She is so accustomed to be surrounded by men and receive their admiration that she takes no pains to please any of them, but just expresses HERSELF—and "herself" being interesting on the surface because of "sex appeal"—(that dreadful word!)—she holds the men's desires until they have realized that there is nothing to respect—much in her character—or really anything mysterious to whet their appetites—and so their infatuation is cured. The quiet, intelligent maiden has not so much vanity—and realized early that the buzzing of suitors is no real compliment, so she concentrated upon the few who were worthy of notice, studied them—and kept them chained to her chariot wheels.

As a general principle, to attract men, girls must be versatile—able to talk—able to dance

and play games—able to be "pals" and able to be illusive mysteries. They must appear natural even if they are not in reality, and above all, they must be clever enough never to wound mens' vanity. Once a girl has done this, a bitter sense of resentment is aroused which produces antagonism and the game is up. Do not accept too much from an admirer—be chary of dining or dancing with him whenever he asks you to. Never give him the impression that he is the sole entertainer you know.

THE RESULTS OF PETTING AND DRINKING

CHAPTER II

THE RESULTS OF PETTING AND DRINKING

Everywhere you go nowadays you confront petting. Not, perhaps, that you see people actually fondling, but you read about it in the newspapers, hear it denounced from the pulpit, listen to it discussed on all sides.

There always has been and always will be petting. It is natural for man, after a brief or extended period of courtship, to demonstrate his fondness for his lady in some fashion. I do not remember that I ever have heard anyone deride such a logical condition between enamored sexes. The great discussion seems to center about the boy and the girl who, heretofore utter strangers, upon their very first meeting straightway proceed to get down to the business of raining incessant kisses and caresses upon each other, then promptly proceed to forget.

I do not think that petting is quite so dangerous as some would have us believe, at least not so far as actual indiscretion is concerned. Petting is just a habit, the hallmark of sophistication, the badge of a certain smartness, the proof of an absolute divorce from the so-called foolish staidness of tiresome older folks. I have always advocated keeping up with the times, yet I do not feel that this incessant indulgence in promiscuous mauling achieves anything of value. I have observed that, the more petting goes on, the less it means to the individual. After a hundred petting parties, the process becomes automatic—the boy is no more thrilled by her kisses than he is by those of his mother, while the girl could, with her eyes shut, derive as much pleasure from embracing a wooden Indian.

So that petting burns itself out in time. Most girls get through safely to the stage of satiety. Others, by reason of their more passionate natures, do not. An intensely warm and affectionate nature would do well to avoid a too hasty and promiscuous indulgence in these questionable

joys. While most men do not use petting to an end, a girl's too warm and ready response might suddenly awaken him to the fact that there might be certain possibilities.

So many of our young women of to-day seem to have achieved the impression that "slow" or shy girls are unpopular and are shunned by men who do not wish to go to the trouble of manœuvering a backward one up to the point of petting. Such is not the case. The man is interested in the chase, but his enthusiasm quickly dies when the quarry is safely in his gamebag. When the chase is extremely easy, the hunter may not even bother to pick his game up, but may leave it right where he caught it. While, on the other hand, if the hunt has been unusually hot and thrilling, if the game has been wary and tireless, the man, when he has caught it, goes about proudly exhibiting his latest catch and asking everyone if it is not an exceptionally fine bird.

So, girls, when you are parading your conquests before the eyes of the world and think you

are the envy of so many others, think back carefully over all these affairs. Ask yourself the length of time these numerous suitors, after storming your heart with their endless kisses, have held on to prove their affection and their smooth avowals of love. Certainly, young one, you must wish to be treated with respect—you do not want young men to think you are easy, or cheap, or common—just one act in a many-ringed circus. Most assuredly you do not. But do these irrepressible young men always treat you with the courtesy and decency that woman must demand, first and all, from any man? Or, when the boy attempts to tell questionable stories, or to take undue liberties with you, do you say to yourself, "Oh, dear! They are all alike—one must expect it of them and try to overlook such things." No woman ever cheapened herself or lost one iota of popularity through demanding the respect of any man.

"But," you say, "it is so much fun to go around and meet all the nice boys and have a good time.

These convent girls don't seem to enjoy themselves at all." Foolish, very, very foolish. No fun-loving girl need to conduct herself severely or primly to ward off undesirable advances. The most loved and lovable girls are the jolly, healthy, sensible ones who know that the less men see of them, the more they are sought after. These young women find men delightful companions in sports and at dances, but it is not essential to their happiness that they be immediately entwined in the arms of each and every stranger that wanders into their ken.

Some communities, I understand, have laws against automobile petting parties. It is true enough that some of the main highways and many of the byroads are heavily picketed at night by cars of all makes—lights out, curtains drawn. But, it appears to me, the attempt to make unlawful this process of spooning might be interpreted as a direct blow at personal liberties. The young people cannot be supposed to remain home on all these beautiful summer evenings;

certainly they cannot stroll safely hand in hand along our state roads with cars thundering by and lights blinding and revealing them.

In some respects, the automobile has become a disturbing element in the lives of boys and girls. In years past, courtship progressed at the girl's home, on lovers'-lane strolls, at parties, dances, and the like, while to-day the automobile and good roads enable the young people quickly to reach comparatively distant points of entertainment. Roadhouses and wayside inns have sprung up at places of necessary and desirable remoteness, where the restraints of nearby residents are not available for quelling unruly emotions and passions that follow coarse music and inferior liquor. So, young girls, unless you have been reared with a happy sense of restraint and the fitness of things, you endanger your peace of mind and your good repute by frequenting roadhouses in the company of casual male companions.

True it is that parents are much to blame for a certain slackness in the training and observa-

tion of their children. Father and mother, with their car, cannot always expect daughter and her friend to be satisfied to motor quietly about with them. If the parents are too often joy-riding alone themselves, they can hardly expect daughter to remain at home looking over the latest styles or trying out the newest fox-trot.

And, young girls, if you must joy-ride, insist that your escort return you home at an early hour. Do not frequent roadhouses where they serve liquor. Even though you may not drink yourself, you will be credited with having done so. In these days of abominable bootleg poison and lax standards, you may regret to the end of your days the moment you began drinking. Liquor is not for the young. Your blood is fresh and vigorous enough to give you all the stimulus you need. You are naturally vivacious. Impressions are new. You can have simply wonderful times without the assistance of liquor. Spirits will deaden your sense, will lull to sleep your caution, will lead you gradually and unknowingly and pleasantly to indiscretions that

your later awakening will horribly contemplate. Heed not the taunts and sneers of your male escort or any other of the ladies of the party who may be indulging in liquor—the men may wish you to drink for a purpose, while it cuts the pride of the other girls to have you refrain. Such companions are not your friends—they will injure you, not help you.

Be you a girl of eighteen or a woman of forty, a too great indulgence in liquor on any given occasion is not only shocking taste, but will disgust any man more quickly than any other ill-favored action. Even the slightly intoxicated woman has utterly lost her sweetness, her womanliness, her charm. Men, avoid as you would the plague, all women and girls who are too frequent sippers at the cup. They are sure to humiliate, disgrace, or disgust you.

The trouble with you men, though, is that you jokingly condone such vulgar actions on the part of these foolish young flappers who seem to be so badly trained in a sense of values by those in

charge of their youth, that by the time they reach twenty-five they will have lost all capacity for happiness. I remember a petting party I saw in a certain picture not long ago in which a girl became so intoxicated that she had to be put under the shower in the bath-room and then lost her clothes and had to go home in part of a bathing suit—too drunk to know or care!

Perhaps some of my readers may have seen such scenes in real life. I am thankful to say that I have not, but the really hideous part is not so much in the girl being disgustingly drunk, but in the attitude of mind about it, of all concerned. No one was in the least revolted, all thought it a huge joke, and it was obvious that no stigma would attach itself to the girl next day!

So if this is the opinion of the majority, the outlook is rather hopeless—and that it must be the opinion of the majority is evident from the enchanted laughter of the audience and the fact that there would not be so many moving pic-

tures about the subject if it were not real. Nor would I receive dozens of letters asking me if this is the right view to take, namely, one of tolerance and amused indifference to the license of the day.

It is impossible to stand against the spirit of a time. And if this cheapening of all things which another generation hallowed is an expression of the convictions of this age, then it will have to be accepted, and there is no use in elderly people being unhappy about it. They must look upon it as an epidemic which has grown beyond their control and has to just work itself out, killing whom it will, in its path to extinction.

It is possible to stop an epidemic in its first stages, but not when it has spread through a whole country. And the sensible thing to do about it is to turn attention from those affected with it to the young children who are still at an age when their subconscious minds can be trained in any way which pleases the parents. What is happening now is initially the fault of the parents, and what will happen in the future will be

up to them also. And that is all which can be said about the matter.

Though it is sad that the lovely, much-pawed, tipsy girls cannot realize that they are "worse than wicked—they are vulgar!"

Try to realize, my young friends, that this petting, this drinking, this wild, empty, vulgar life is rapidly robbing you of your youth—and what is more precious than Youth? Precious Youth, which no one seems to value until it is fading. I am longing all the time to help young people to keep it and not squander it as fast as they can. That is my attitude, not an unsympathetic one of censure, or a belief that all old things are necessarily better than new ones.

This generation has several good qualities, more accentuated than those of the last one; it has more courage, more independence, more self-reliance, and more capability to fend for itself, to secure a living in the material sense. But what it has not achieved is a sense of values.

So the young people are busy throwing away

the vital forces of youth without getting any real return, except the most momentary and ordinary pleasure. And they are laying up for themselves heavy limitations for the long thirties, forties, and fifties which will come to them, if they live. For the human machine will stand only a certain amount of poison being poured into it, without showing it outwardly. When once the limit is passed, then every sort of ugly thing appears for all to see. The beautiful fairy-like blonde of eighteen, who swallows down two or three cocktails before dinner, and as much whiskey or gin as she can get afterwards, never thinks these things are going to spoil her complexion in a year or two, or that the cigarettes she smokes can contain any drug which will irritate nerves or weaken the will.

She takes them all as part of her day's pleasure—which all her friends share. And for a long time she will not notice the very faint change which her mirror could show her—the line of cheek not quite so perfect, the flesh generally not so firm, and the capacity for pleasure not so

great, while the craving for excitement grows more insistent.

If these lovely young people were all going to be swallowed up by an earthquake when they reach the age of thirty, then I would say, if spiritual things do not matter to them, cram as much emotion as possible into the short time, and never look ahead. But with that long, long period until sixty or seventy to pass, in all probability, it does seem unbusiness-like to act in a way for twelve years which will make the thirty or forty afterwards almost unbearable. That is not having horse-sense!

I have been coming backwards and forwards to this country now for four years, and each time I arrive again, alas! I see some slight change in numbers of young faces—just a little more haggard, just a little less spiritual, just a little harder. And always the ones who show this alteration are those who drink and smoke to excess, while the ones who are rising in fame and beauty and fortune have moderation for their motive.

Drink and get drunk—smoke and get nervous —if you want to, after realizing what these things will bring you. You are, after all, free citizens. But for heaven's sake, don't just drift on, imagining that miracles are going to happen to your particular body! And that you will not have to pay any price!

I have warned you so far against certain dangers that are bound to overtake you should you indulge too unwisely in petting and drinking. But the greatest loss of all will be the gradual draining of your capacity to love, to know love when it comes to you. The white fever pitch of love cannot go on forever. The emotions are capable of only so much—the nerves are not always going to respond to kisses with the original thrill. You hear and read much about the joy of the first kiss. Now, will these petting fiends, when the kisses reach up into the thousands, gather the thrill and romance from such signs of affection as they received from the first? Hardly. And yet they seem perfectly willing to

go on frittering away their capacity to love to the first comer.

Perhaps you may think I am too severe with the thoughtless young. But love is the greatest force that God has given us. We must guard and cherish it, for this heavenly emotion is not like a clock we can wind up each day, year after year. In my opinion, it is partially the fault of the women that they have let down the bars. The Spanish custom of watching carefully each step of engaged couples is founded on excellent psychology. The suitor chaffs under the restraint. What he wants now he must wait for. The caresses and kisses his heart calls for are given very meagerly, if at all. He thus comes to the marriage altar with none of his desires satisfied, his imagination running wild. It almost appears that the young man of to-day has nothing to imagine. Too often he has indulged in so many of the pleasures and ecstasies of the married state.

Man wishes most to acquire what he cannot

have, or seems to be unable to secure. He wants what the other men are striving so feverishly to own. He is not interested in what he can have for the mere asking. Come easy, go easy. What he works hard for he will appreciate.

There is a growing tendency for flappers to romance with married men. Most of our sensible girls' instincts will tell them that the attentions of a married man are merely an insult, disguised in whatever form they happen to be. Usually, it is only the lowest and cheapest sort of girl who willingly encourages such people, blazoning to the world that her vanity is colossal and her self-respect nil. If a man is not free to marry a girl, his assiduous attentions are an impertinence, to say the least. Why bother with anything in which you can hope to gain nothing but disgrace—and, if you are discovered, loss of your self-respect, loss of everything?

Do not think if you are found out, that you will be accused of anything but the very worst. Remember, the married man can probably find little pleasure in your mind. An older, exper-

ienced woman might hope to hold his affections for a certain period, but of the young flapper he soon tires. It is too much trouble for him. The game is too nerve-wracking; things are likely to happen unpleasantly at any moment. He is looking for a little fun. Because he is acquainted with the arts of love and with the flattering little attentions that mean so much to women, it will be difficult for the foolish little flapper to withstand his arts and blandishments. And, if she is there to give, he can hardly be expected to refuse.

Some women have affairs with married men, knowing beforehand what they may expect, and do so willingly. With this type I am not interested. They go into the game with their eyes open, so there is no more to be said. But my heart bleeds for the blind little thing who tumbles in out of a spirit of bravado—to be smart—to see what it is like. One girl will say to another, "Oh, I go out with married men. They are so much more polite and smooth—and they do not talk." But that is the most that can be said for

the relation. The newspapers are full daily of the tragedies of ignorant girls who have fallen in love with married men, realizing only too late that they can expect nothing in return.

The pernicious habit of petting seems, I am informed, to be as largely practiced by married couples as it is by the younger set. Of course, in certain gay circles, there always has existed a sort of tacit agreement that uninterested wives and bored husbands might look about for more entertaining and thrilling material. Such married couples have lost most of their mutual love for the reason that their time has been too greatly occupied with having a good time and with rushing here and there. There have been no children to subdue them. They have had no necessity to sacrifice for one another. It has not even been necessary for them to try to please and amuse each other, because there have been so many others around who were willing to amuse them.

But I want to speak here of the average married couples who gather at parties and homes, there too freely to drink and cavort and pet with

other husbands and wives, sometimes even with little tots listening in or looking on. The average married couple has not the means to indulge in sports, as do the wealthy, that will help to wash away the tired eyes and the nasty taste in the mouth, or even the unpleasant memory of what happened the evening before. There is no riding, no tennis, no surf-bathing, no other healthful exercises that will bring abused bodies back to normal. No, John must go to the office or the store, aching in body, half disgusted in spirit, while Ann rises to a day of nervous irritations.

Naturally, we must allow married people more freedom of speech and action than is ordinarily given the unmarried. But no one can expect the young boys and girls utterly to banish pleasures which they know their married friends indulge in so flagrantly. Unmarried couples, I am told, have been frequently invited to such affairs. What a satire for the young must be these spectacles of happy married life, in which the husband promptly banishes his wife to another's

arms and himself spends the rest of the evening drinking rotten whiskey and chasing about after cheap thrills. How happy and carefree they remain, as long as the liquor flows freely and the music runs wild.

But the next day—the husband looks at Ann. What are his thoughts? Is he wondering how far she went? Is she resolving petuously that she will allow a certain woman's husband to pay more attention to her next time—that what is good enough for John is good enough for her? And suspicions arise—discord. Love and romance are dying, fast—the very best things in life are disappearing, and it is so hard to retrieve these most precious things after they have once gone. If the soul becomes thus too hardened, it does not even know what it lacks!

And to you married women who drink freely at the home of some friend, I would ask you to remember that you are inviting by this drinking the unwelcome, vulgar intimacies and attentions of men. No man will treat you any worse or better than you want to be treated, as evidenced

by your character, your manner, and all those other things which go to make up your personality. Men know, as you know, that the liquor you drink tends to make you careless in speech and action; they know, as you know, that while under the influence of alcohol, you do things and allow liberties that you would instantly repel when in full possession of your faculties. These men unconsciously argue, then, that if willingly you allow yourself to get into a condition whereby you may be approached in disgusting fashion, certainly they will not fail to take advantage of your foolish laxity.

I have heard single girls bewail the fact that their male companions did not treat them with proper respect—that some of the reverence and gentlemanliness with which womanhood should be approached was entirely lacking—that the men seemed to be getting ruder and coarser. To such, I merely reply by saying that it is all their own fault—that men take the hint of their treatment of any woman from the women themselves—that no man will attempt obnoxious advances

of any kind unless he has hopes they will be encouraged and accepted.

You Americans are extremely proud of your freedom; you will stand firmly and always on your rights; you will allow not a single one of them to be trampled on or even threatened. And, if your legislators pass a law which is disfavored by any great number, then that law will be ignored openly. Much of the laxity of manners and morals in young people to-day, for instance, might be ascribed to the fact that the American legislators told their people they must not drink. I have nothing to say for or against this law—I want merely to discuss its results. What are they? Just this: Many liberty-loving persons enjoy doing most what they are told they cannot do—as if their defiance were proof positive of absolute sovereignty. And I firmly believe that tens of thousands of the youth of this country are drinking bootleg poison, ruining health and minds and morals simply because it appears romantically and adventurously bad for them to do so. In other years, when anyone

could have it, drunkenness with persons of even average standing would have been accepted as of extremely poor taste. To-day, hardly any party, particularly with the young people, seems complete without liquor. The situation has become a national joke as well as a national tragedy. The newspapers, the theaters, the magazines, the movies—all smile at it and seem in utter accord with law infringement. The lawmakers said: "You shall not drink." And a shout of derision went up. And drink was glorified. A flask on the hip became a letter of introduction, the sure card of admittance to any smart, up-to-date gathering.

Now the question naturally arises: How are the wayward tendencies of youth to be corrected, controlled, or eradicated? And it seems to me that the happy solution of this problem depends largely upon the mothers of America—upon their keeping the respect, confidence, and pal-ship of their daughters. This ought to be very easy if the right way is begun in time.

The first thing a mother has to do is to realize

what is the spirit of the age—which certainly is not the same as it was in her generation. She cannot change it, however much she may dislike it—she had better analyze what it is and where its tendencies are leading the youth of the world—and then make up her mind to keep this knowledge always in mind when she is judging of her own daughters. The spirit of this age is one of great rebellion against any restraint—a natural resentment against the law and order. No child will receive commands blindly—each must know why they are being given. If one home is ruled on strict lines of other times, its inmates see their young companions all enjoying freedom, and they either break away immediately or live lives of deceit.

There are certain fundamental laws, however, of right and wrong, which go on through all ages and times—and these should be kept and so instilled into the little girls from birth that by the time they are twelve years old they will react to them automatically, and if good taste has been taught at the same time, by twelve the little

girl is really equipped to guide her own life more or less into a harbor of safety.

But no mother can inspire or keep the confidence of her daughters if she, herself, acts in a way which they cannot respect. Nor can she keep their pal-ship when they despise her. Youth is merciless in its judgments, tolerance only comes later on. So that, to keep these precious things, the mother must have made her little girls love her from the beginning. She must have entered with sympathy into all their tastes, hopes and fears—she must have made herself respected, so that they feel it is an honor to be called "pally" with her—and yet, that they are so sure of her love that there is no fear in the relationship.

When the girls seem to be going ahead with modern freedom, which really shocks the mother in her heart, she must comfort herself by knowing that if she has brought up their spirits in the right way, they will not fall beneath their own self-respect, even if their companions do under the new license. Then the mother must explain

what the results of such and such actions will be —without showing disapproval—just as one friend to another, she being the friend who perhaps has had the most experience, and therefore can be helpful. In this way she can guard and keep her daughters without wounding that weird little upstart vanity—which all young things have, feeling that they know better than any elder can possibly do! To pander to every whim, to condone every lapse, is not to win confidence or pal-ships from children. Love, sympathy and explanations are the true roads.

If Kitty has been properly trained but goes out on one of these incredible parties with other college girls and boys—where they have quantities of whiskey flasks, and nearly all of them become under the influence of alcohol—she will not go too far for her own pride's sake, and she will tell her mother all about it—and the mother will be sympathetic and endeavor to influence her *taste* not to wish to over-indulge in these entertainments. And Kitty's love for her mother will make her not want to wound her. The

worst of it is that such a large percentage of the young generation now are so much more intelligent than their parents! More "cute"—(I hate that word but it expresses the modern spirit)—they are armed with superficial education, futile philosophies and arguments—to an extent which makes it hopeless for the parents to contend with them. So that I give this advice in one sentence: Mothers, *make yourselves worthy of respect*—then give out boundless love, and understanding—and God will take care of the rest.

FRANK ADVICE TO UNMARRIED GIRLS

CHAPTER III

FRANK ADVICE TO UNMARRIED GIRLS

A clever lady interviewer once came to ask me what I thought about Summer holiday flirtations; were they right or wrong? It was impossible to say what I wanted to in an interview, but it struck me as a subject which is of vital importance to most single girls. I am given to understand that numbers of girls go off on their two or three weeks' vacation perhaps with a girl friend, where they meet young men and have a wonderful time. They become engaged, with all the privileges which engagement implies—and perhaps they marry—and perhaps they do not.

Ought they to enter into these transient relationships or ought they to abstain? That was the question asked—and an impossible one to answer in a general way. Certainly, gray lives

of work deserve a week or two of gaiety and pleasure. And if both parties enter into it with the same joyous thought of passing a happy time with no aftermath of sorrow attached to it, there cannot be any harm done. But, unfortunately, one or the other may grow to care deeply—and what then? Or one or the other might be of a very passionate nature and the temptation of unlimited propinquity may prove too strong for either his or her self-control—and what then?

But there is one good side. The girls of to-day are so accustomed to taking care of themselves, and the men of to-day are so accustomed to every kind of familiarity at every party, that both are better equipped to handle a week or two of unrestricted temptation than their parents and grandparents would have been. If the attraction which draws the two summer holiday mates together is mental, it is very likely to continue after the holiday is over—and may end in marriage or lasting friendship. If it is merely physical—nature is a strong temptress! And by the

end of a fortnight—one or both could very well be left with regrets.

I should give the same advice that I do about drinking and smoking: Analyze what are likely to be the consequences of what you are proposing to do, and then decide if the pleasure and recreation to be gained are worth while. Don't run into a difficult situation blindly. If you decide that they are, then enjoy them yourself—but keep your head. If the girl has real self-respect she is quite safe in any situation among civilized people. If she has not—well, then she is likely to be drawn into scrapes anywhere. It does not require a summer holiday as a medium!

For the young men the situation is more difficult and would not be tolerated, of course, by European males, who are of more fiery natures. But customs of countries alter points of view and if American young men are trained to stand transitory engagements—or flirtations—without losing their self-control, then why should not hard-working girls have the joy of make-believe

love affairs to gild with memories the dull hours of their working year!

Common sense should decide what is worth while!

What should be a young girl's idea of honor? Shakespeare explained it as, "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Long ago I wrote a book called "Love Itself"—in which I made the heroine, called Halcyone, in her life and in her religion and in her words, expound this idea of honor. To her it did not matter in the least what other people thought of her; it was what she thought in her own soul of herself. She and the hero talked of the story of Jason and Medea one day when she was but a little girl—and Halcyone said: "Jason should not have had anything to do with Medea—that is where he was wrong—but having given her his word he should have kept it."

The hero replied with a question: "Even though she was a witch?" Halcyone answered, "It was still his word, don't you see? Her being

a witch did not alter his word. You do not understand the point at all, it seems. It is not to whom it is you give your word; it is to you it matters that you keep it, because to break it degrades yourself."

If only this simple principle could be drummed into young people's heads, so that it held the subconscious mind, causing its reaction to become automatic, think what a wonderful world would open! A world where there was no lying, no cheating, no cruelty, no scheming. Because no one who held this belief could possibly commit any of the actions which could degrade the soul.

I often wonder what some young girls feel like who have experienced some of the spiritually degrading familiarities indulged in by modern youth, when they catch sight of their own faces in the glass in the morning! Their souls looking back at them through their eyes must give them a nasty twinge sometimes. None of these have ever even dimly perceived the true point of honor. They do not fear their own self-contempt, nor the contempt of any god they may believe in; their

only fear is in being found out and cheapened in the eyes of the world. If they feel that they have safeguarded this possibility with cunning they are satisfied. And all not because human nature is really bad, but because quite simple laws are not explained in youth.

There are two fundamentals which should be kept uppermost in every young person's mind—the law of self-respect and the law of the boomerang. These two grasped, the rest of life should be plain sailing. But as it is, the actions of one year build up the limitations for the next, and so unhappiness piles itself up.

Is there danger in a girl at business, living by herself away from home? There is never much danger anywhere if a girl has real SELF-RESPECT, because there is an unfailing guide in every situation. But the worst of it is, modern girls have not always this useful quality, or any great belief in any of the Commandments, except the eleventh, "Thou shalt not be found out."

Modern girls certainly pin a good deal of faith

on this "eleventh commandment," but often have not the brain to accomplish it, and then the fat is in the fire! So, before you attempt to live alone, you had better be sure that you have wings strong enough to fly. Otherwise the fate we often see among little birds who have been pushed out of the nest too soon, may be yours. Some cat or other predatory animal may come along and devour you—or the tempest may drown you or batter or break your tender bones.

Have you ever watched the frightened eyes of a young blackbird or thrush—hopping along the ground on its first outing—and if you have held it in your hand, have you felt its little heart thump as it struggled to be free? Thousands of girls who have emancipated themselves too soon, must go through this experience. The success of living alone depends entirely upon the home training beforehand. If Claire has never known any discipline and has been accustomed to treat her parents as naught and indulge during her college days in petting parties and all the license which takes place in the

moonlight drives and then she goes to a little flat when she enters business, it is not very likely she will respect the flat any more than she respected the automobile, or the darkened sitting room. Then she had better keep a firm hold on her senses—and above all, obey the eleventh commandment! Because the jolly partners may not be so easy to keep within bounds as they were when they knew that some sort of eventual entry under the paternal roof was ahead of their Claire.

If a girl has not much self-respect she had better be very worldly wise. If she has self-respect, the young men will subconsciously know it, and she will be in no danger and she may have a delightful and independent life, free to develop her own tastes and likings in her little lonely home. So it is all up to the girl.

Then there are cases where the girls have had to fend for themselves always. There is no more danger for them in living alone than at any other time of their lives. But there are many cares. Where the girl has self-respect, but a very weak will, and she is led away by her emotions, the

thing to realize before embarking upon a flat by herself is that whatever temptations she had before to be too kind to her partners, will be redoubled, and she will have only herself to rely upon. But this very knowledge is very often good for character and strengthens it.

If the custom of girls living alone is growing —evolution must wish it to be that way—and I never go against the spirit of a time. So it will be like everything else in its beginning—the weaklings will go under and out—and the strong will make laws unto themselves and live up to them. Only the one thing which stands out in everything of this swiftly moving era, is that the duty of drumming right principles into the heads of their offsprings is the colossal one for parents. And it is they, not the children, who will be held responsible for after days by inexorable nature-judgment.

I am receiving such queer letters from people! One person has just asked me: "Is money an adequate compensation for a girl's broken heart or engagement?"

I should say that if a girl is so unfine in sentiment that she can bring her love-hurts into a public court, then money is an ample compensation for them, and her broken heart can soon be mended.

If a man has ruined a girl's life, or caused her to lose her situation so that disgrace or great poverty face her—and he is a well-to-do man—I suppose she is justified, if he is beast enough not to offer some compensation. The idea is so revolting to me, personally, that I do not feel that I can give an unbiased opinion about it.

But if there has not been actual damage, but only that he has ceased to care for her, then I do not think she has any more right to endeavor to obtain money out of him than he would have in obtaining money out of her in like case.

Girls must remember that unless there is something in them able to hold the affection of men, no man can go on caring, once the first flush of excitement is over. Then it is very hard on the man to have to go on and keep to the engagement when all emotion has departed. This very sort

of girl who cannot hold a man is the kind that feels very sentimentally herself—and is more liable to have what is called a "broken heart" than one who is very attractive.

There are, of course, brutes of men who deliberately make love to one girl after another, with no intention but to sip the honey of new flowers—and if one girl more thick-skinned than the rest can make him pay for it—it is a good thing.

But in a case, we will say, where the girl entered into a liaison with a man and has not been deceived and decoyed, but went of her own free will, she ought to have known that such affairs are always only transient—and when the man's love begins to wane, the money he will settle upon her ought to be a considerable compensation. No self-respecting girl who is engaged to a man ought to want him to marry her if she knows that he is only going through with it for his word's sake—she ought to free him at once—and never blame him, but rather question herself to find out why she lost his affection.

Many women are most unjust to men—they think men ought to go on loving them no matter how they behave, or how unattractive they become—and feel they have a right to heap reproaches for what is their own fault. If a man has either an engagement or a liaison with a girl, and he knows he is growing not to care for her, he is in honor bound to tell her so, not let her find it out. Then, if she will take money instead of himself, he had better give it to her.

In the case of the liaison it is his duty, for the girl has chanced her reputation for him, and he must make provision for her so that she may not sink. But if money can heal the pains of unrequited love—then the love has not been very deep! Why not call it something else? I wish this part which I am always hammering upon were better understood. I mean that when you lose love it is your fault or misfortune—not the other person's. If this were understood, it would save so many quarrels and reproaches, and pride would come to the aid of the deserted ones and make them pull themselves together. How can

you, in logic, blame people for something over which they have no control?

You cannot love—or grow indifferent—to order; the other person ceases to draw you, and if you desired a thousand times to go on loving, you could not make yourself do so. Nor can you become indifferent at will—while the other person's charm is holding you all the commands in the world won't detach you from your love. And if a third person is able to come between loves, it is because he or she has been able to destroy the loved one's charm in the other's eyes—or is in himself or herself a strange magnet!

So my advice is—look love and its nature straight in the face with common sense and you will blame or praise no one but yourself for its coming or going.

Will business life make girls harder? Or less likely to win a desirable mate?

I should certainly say that it is making them harder—on the outside. Does work—manual work, I mean—make the hands harder? Of course it does, but the nerves under the skin re-

main sensitive. And so it is with the mind. Business girls, to be successful, must acquire a certain amount of callousness, or they would be too tender to buffet with the world that they have to mix with. Their sense of self-protection has to be on the alert! They have to be watchful and more or less suspicious; they have, in short, to put on a suit of armor and if they are not careful they are apt to wear it when business is over; and then they become unattractive, just as a man would be unattractive if you saw him in a pinafore!

Business girls are better able to judge of men than home girls—they are much less likely to be taken in. And they naturally grow harder, because they have experiences of how simply horrid some men can be, who, if they did not know of them in their business aspects, they would believe to be charming. It is difficult for a man to put it over on a business girl—and as men really enjoy playing the part of protector and provider of the helpless, this very acuteness of vision in the

business girl destroys her charm in some men's eyes.

But the arrangement of the present-day world requires that there should be an immense percentage of business girls—so the wise thing is to analyze and see how they can keep their charm while they must grow apparently hardened on the outside.

Having very refined and gentle manners does not take away from ability. In fact, real ability hidden under femininity is of strong magnetic attraction. The first thing to guard against—for a business girl—is a hard manner! Let her feel as self-confident as she pleases, but never show it in aggressive ways. The moment a male creature senses this air of superiority he becomes antagonized. If she is much better at a job than the man she likes is, she must never let him think that she knows it. Business girls, to be loved, must really play two parts! They must cover up their tempered steel in velvet cases! And when one of them loves and marries, she

must take care that she only brings her business ability into the proper ordering of her home—not in a hard manner of handling her husband. Some weaklings in the way of men like dictatorial women—but they are not worth having.

A business girl's critical faculties are better trained than a home girl's. All discipline is good for character—and business discipline helps many timid and vacillating women to form themselves.

I would say to business girls: "You are fortunate! Now use that part of your common sense which makes you get on, in studying the nature of the man who has attracted you, and crush the evidences of hardness which would put him off." In short, do not take your business manner into your private life. Because all men's subconscious minds are still reacting to the belief that woman is a weaker creature who must be protected and guided—women are doing their best to alter this creed. And when they do, all tender love will have left the world. But meanwhile, if they want happiness, they had better

fulfill man's ideal—or let him have a good counterfeit!

There are always new questions cropping up—styles that are loudly condemned, dances that are labelled sinful, innovations that horrify people over fifty, and conventions that are thrown to the four winds. And since one's conduct and appearance has so much to do with the feelings of the opposite sex, these questions are of vital importance to all young girls who hope some day to marry the man of their dreams.

Let us take the subject from its broadest point of view—that of new fads and fashions in general. The first thing to realize is the utter futility of going against the spirit of the Age. From the earliest days of civilization, waves of an irresistible desire for some change—some freer expression of emotion—have periodically swept over society; all the people with limited horizons of thought have immediately launched forth their protests, and their horrified and outraged feelings upon whatever the subject happens to be, have been expressed in frantic cries. But the spirit of

the Age has just laughed at them, and gone its way and they have either eventually had to fall in with its mandates, or have been swept aside and left high and dry in loneliness. I have no space here, or desire to bore you, by giving instances in the past of what I mean; but to state two—everyone knows the horror the introduction of the waltz created, when, for the first time men and women actually embraced while dancing! And the thought of a lady bicycling would have made your grandmother shudder!

About every fad, every fashion, every new thing which is started, the wise woman reserves judgment. Because these matters are not questions of right and wrong, which a sense of duty should direct her to have a decided opinion upon immediately; they are merely questions of taste and expediency, and a calm review of them first is necessary before making up the mind.

If a woman is of a sufficiently distinguished personality, and is endowed with prestige and great social position, she can start originalities herself if she pleases. But, if she is a very young

girl, this is most hazardous, and the really sensible thing to do is to follow the oft-quoted maxim and "wait and see!" It is as foolish to plunge with ardor into an untested new fad—which you may be ashamed of presently—as it is to treat it with antagonistic scorn and swear you will never have anything to do with it! Either course of action may possibly place you in an undesirable or ridiculous position after a while, when the fad or fashion has either shown itself to be vulgar and impossible—or has come to stay!

Give no opinion upon any radically new departure. Quietly and in your own mind weigh its merits and demerits, and see if they come above or below the standard of your own self-respect and the true sense of the fitness of things—and then presently decide for or against.

Never be ruled by the outcries of old-fashioned people any more than you must be led away by the featherbrains of your own age. But when you have arrived at the moment for decision, judge the thing itself by those two standards

that I have just indicated, and not by what anyone else thinks of it. Ask yourself: "If I wear these clothes, or dance this dance, am I degrading my ideal of myself in any way? Is there really something indecent and immodest in it? Or is it shrieked at simply because some of the shriekers are too old to enjoy it, or their minds have turned to whatever side of it they can fix upon which can be developed into something suggesting impropriety?"

When you have sifted the motives for the outcries against the new fashion, whatever it may be, and have come to your own conclusions, go along steadily on your way, and be not disturbed, remembering always that excess in anything is undesirable and all eccentricity is vulgar in a young girl. There will be plenty of unbalanced youths and maidens in your world who will rush headlong into any new fad the instant it is suggested to them. Well, be very sagacious! And let them be the *ballons d'essai!* Watch how the thing seems to you and if it is likely to lead to pleasure or disgust. You will not have com-

mitted yourself to either side by this abeyance of expressed opinion, and can be safely "seated upon the fence" for a sufficient time to be able to decide whether the debated thing is only some small passing folly of one set—or if it is really something brought about by the spirit of the Age. You will soon be able to settle this question, and, if you find that it has this omnipotent force at its back, do not hesitate to adapt it to your desires, and *use it gracefully.* I have emphasized these three words on purpose, because therein lies the whole pith of the subject—for it is so often the manner of a thing which counts more than the matter.

There is another important fact to be remembered, namely, the tremendous force of familiarity and custom which can turn startling innovations into unnoticeable and innocuous every-day occurrences.

If one stops to think for a minute one can conjure up numbers of sights which, viewed from a detached point uninfluenced by the familiarity of custom, would seem horribly shocking to one or

other of our senses. For instance, if we had never seen a butcher's shop before, some of us would faint at the first view of it! This unpleasant simile I give merely to show you in a very concrete and forcible manner what I mean—your own intelligence will apply the test to other subjects.

Thus, I remember I went with a party to a very fashionable restaurant some years ago, where as a rule, only the élite of society congregate—and where reserve and decorum are the natural tone of the place. However, for the New Year's Eve feast, it seemed to have opened its doors to a crowd of the most aspiring inhabitants of Suburbia, who afterwards danced in the ballroom. They indulged in wonderful "One Steps" and "Fox Trots." I recollect how we stood and watched them and laughed at some of the sights. Respectable, and often very plump, mothers of families, with agonized faces of strain in case they should forget a step, were bumping against and clinging in strange fashion to some equally preoccupied partner! I thought then how undig-

nified, how even revolting it was. But now when I go out, even among the most *recherchees grandes dames* and see them(grandmothers some of them!) taking their hour or two of exercise by dancing the Fox Trot, I am moved by no spirit of disgust, I merely feel critical as to whether or no they do it well—so far has custom and familiarity removed antipathy!

So I want you to take this powerful factor into consideration in all matters of innovations. I want you to realize that they will become unremarkable and unimportant—so that the only sensible, just, and sagacious way to look at them, if you should feel you wish to indulge in them, is to try to find out how far you can do so at that present moment of the day without making yourself ridiculous or looking unseemly. You can always exploit and expand your style when you see it is advisable. As I said before, there is no rigid law of right and wrong about such affairs, all are weighed by custom and suitability to present circumstances.

Do not think for a moment, however, that, in

all this that I have been saying, I am advocating a hypocritical course of conduct which may be applied to other things. This "wait and see" attitude I am only suggesting as prudent to adopt over such light matters as fashions and fads.

In choosing an article of dress you must remember the vital matter of its suitability; suitability generally, suitability for the occasions you mean to wear it on, its suitability to yourself and your type. If you cultivate these points and use your eyes and observation to see what is the prettiest note in passing fashion, you can counteract any rather commonplace appearance nature may have endowed you with, and turn it into a quaint, picturesque little individuality.

Never buy things that you do not actually want just because they are cheap. Cheap things nearly always have disadvantages, or they would not be cheap. Have few clothes and good ones. Take care of them, and do not ruthlessly crush and rumple them when you have them on, even though you have a good maid to repair your ravages afterwards. Be extremely particular about

your foot-covering, too. Never buy any of the eccentric fashions that you see in every shop window, and on the feet of every little person trotting in the street. Wear only the simplest, neatest, and daintiest things made. If the instinct of personal distinction does not come naturally to you, cultivate it by observation. Every time you go out observe which women look the nicest and what makes them achieve this effect. Examine your own, and try to imagine which of the styles would suit you best and make you look the least ordinary.

The whole tendency of modern society is toward rowdiness and vulgarity, and if one is very young and full of spirits, it is so easy to be led away into indiscretions when one sees most of one's companions doing the same thing. But this is very foolish, because the least semblance of rowdiness or vulgarity robs a girl of her dearest charm in the eyes of worth while men. So I shall be quite ruthless in what I am going to say.

It is very much the fashion now to lunch and dine at restaurants; even the most youthful dé-

butantes go to them alone, or to large boy-and-girl dinners before balls or theater parties, when there may be only one or two mothers present. I must give you a few hints as to what I notice is common and unattractive behavior on these occasions. One can derive a cynical amusement from sitting quietly and watching the entrance and exit of people in restaurants, so atrocious are the movements of most of them. It is seldom that anyone seems to remember that in public true distinction is shown by the quietest and most dignified bearing.

You will see women and girls flustering in, all self-conscious and plainly aware that they are being observed. In a public place true breeding should give you the same repose as at home, and all but your own personal acquaintances should be apparently unobserved. So cultivate this unconscious bearing. Finish your toilet before you leave the dressing-room, and then walk easily and without looking about you to join your party.

And when you are at the table, do not lounge all over it! If you have this deplorable modern

habit in your own or intimate friend's houses, for heaven's sake leave it behind you when you come out! To see a lot of—presumably—ladies lounging all over the cloth, as they lean forward eagerly to talk to their *vis-à-vis* or the person next to them, is not an engaging sight, and only a few years ago it would have been considered as branding them as belonging to another world. Whatever laxity of tenue has become habitual in private life, surely you can realize that it is very cheap to indulge in it in public, and that the fact that everything is cheap now is no reason for you, who are starting in life, and wish to be as charming as possible, to follow the fashion.

Try to walk through halls gracefully, without self-consciousness or swinging arms; and when the dinner has begun, enter into the spirit of it, and endeavor to be agreeable to your neighbors, but never forget that you are in a public place, and that at other tables there are strangers whom you do not know, and before whom you certainly do not wish to make yourself of no account. I have seen boy-and-girl parties at restaurants

where, if one had not known the names of the actual people, one would have presumed they were a set of young hoydens imagining themselves at a village feast. All noisy or unrestrained behavior is really very vulgar in any mixed company. I am sure you will agree with me about this, and, if you will give yourself time to reflect what self-respect really means, you will discover that, if it is innate, it will guide you better than any words of mine; and that even as an acquired quality it makes the only infallible standard to judge the expediency or inexpediency of certain conduct by.

I wonder if you smoke? There would be no use in my saying that I personally think it looks utterly unattractive to see a very young girl puffing her cigarette, because I know that I am old-fashioned and, in this, have not gone with the times—but such is my opinion. Should you have not begun to smoke yet, put it off as long as possible, and, if you do take to it, let it be because you really like it, not for a pose, as some girls do. If you have acquired the habit already, be very

careful of your teeth as you grow older, and to have your hair beautifully brushed both night and morning—the smell of stale smoke in the hair and breath and clothes is so disgusting.

While most modern men are lenient toward the cigarette habit in women, I am quite sure it is true that a great many of them do not approve of the practice, especially when a woman has become an addict. Certainly it does not increase a woman's charm, and since it may lessen her attraction, and certainly is injurious to her beauty, I am inclined to warn against the practice.

There is another curious wave over society which renders women less attractive than they were—a large percentage of them are the seekers, not the sought-after. They actually hunt men! —the mothers for their daughters, the girls for themselves—so that the attitude of most of the modern young men is one of self-defence. They are so sick of invitations being poured upon them, of being grabbed for this and that, so wearied with girls flinging themselves at their heads, that their manners have often become of an insolence

that would not have been tolerated twenty years ago. But who can blame them?

Lots of girls are frightfully eager about their partners, ferreting them out and reminding them of their engagements. If you have with modesty shown you are agreeable and desirable to the young men, you will have aroused their hunting instinct, which is always longing to find expression, especially nowadays, when they themselves have to play so often the part of the hunted! If you find yourself not a success, you must ask yourself why this is so; you must not get nervous about being left behind, and turn into a seeker!

There are many girls who seem very popular and get plenty of public attention, but who behave themselves so that they are spoken of lightly by every young man. Would such popularity be worth having, and what would it bring in a few years? Not much happiness, I fear. For, even if one of these girls does marry, she will not have earned the respect of her husband, nor will she have controlled her own emotions or desires sufficiently to be able to maintain any stable po-

sition in life. When I look back upon those of this sort that I knew when I was young, I ask myself where are they now? Some of them are weary old maids—some have made hole-and-corner, still enduring, wretched marriages—and some have gone under and are divorced and forgotten. "Look to the end," is an excellent motto to apply to everything, especially to any common little pleasure of the moment.

After the first season or two, if a girl does not marry she will have drifted into one set or another, and you can judge instantly of her status and prestige by the men she collects around her. If for the reason of not meeting someone whom you feel you really want to marry, or for any other reason you should remain free for a while, try at least to have for your friends only the best and nicest, because, as I have said again and again, like draws like, and the best is not likely to be eventually found in the second-best circle.

Do not, as some girls do, look upon society as simply the means to the securing of a husband, for, although the goal of a sensible girl is matri-

mony, still she must come naturally to this state through having, by her own charm and complete equipment, mental and physical, attracted a suitable mate; she must not have in front of her marriage as a necessity, and so be ready to grab any creature who may show himself willing with her to enter the bond. But again, real self-respect would ward off any of these dangers, so, if you have it, my advice is unnecessary.

Supposing, by chance, that your tastes should turn to more serious matters than just the amusements of balls and games and the pleasures of your age, never be carried away by any fad or any new idea. Fads are abnormal, and always show some unbalance. One often hears would-be deep thinkers announcing platitudes in cant phrases, and they frequently influence the young and impressionable. You have often, for instance, heard them making remarks about the "Rights of Man." Now, ask yourself a common-sense question: What are the Rights of Man? You will find that the answer is that there are no such things! Man has evolved, and certain civi-

lizations have conceded him certain privileges, but as he made no bargain with the Creator when he entered the world he cannot possibly have any "rights." Servants have "rights" because they are doing specified work for food and wages—they have made a bargain. All human beings have "rights" between themselves when they make an agreement of exchange. But man—just man in the abstract—can have no "rights" at all, for with whom did he make a bargain? From whom can he claim them? So, when you hear people using this phrase, you may know that they are talking balderdash and have not thought about the matter.

Woman has no "rights" either. The whole aspect of these things for woman is largely a question of geography, climate, and custom. One might say the only natural "right" a woman appears to have is to become a mother, because this seems to be her obvious mission in the scheme of things. But the necessities of civilization and the laws of her country have, above all things, restricted for her this privilege, except under cer-

tain given circumstances laid down by law. So you see, when you come to analyze this phrase of "rights" it all falls to pieces! I have only referred to it by chance, as an illustration of the folly of using cant phrases.

Never pretend to be clever in any way; be natural and easy, with that trained ease which is the highest attribute of breeding.

Another defect girls often have which drives desirable men away is shyness, and very few people stop to analyze its cause. Shyness, when we have got down to the bedrock of it, is pure personal egotism. People are shy because they fancy others are observing them. If they were not so conscious of themselves they would not be obsessed with this idea; they would realize that they are probably not really very interesting, and may never have struck others' consciousness at all. But no—the perpetual, ever-present perception of self makes them awkward, makes them wonder what effect they are producing, makes them nervous and the prey of every foolishness. Whereas, if they were not so sensitively occupied with their

own feelings, they would do natural things without a tremor. I have no patience when I hear a woman being excused for stiffness and brusqueness by the plea of, "Oh, she is so dreadfully shy!" It is not real humility—real humility would not be conscious of self at all. It is vanity and egotism; and when seen in a grown woman casts a very poor reflection upon those who had the charge of her bringing-up from earliest childhood. If you are shy, take yourself sternly to task, analyze what makes you so, and overcome it. Bashfulness and shyness are as great faults as boldness, and perhaps cause more unhappiness. The antithesis of shyness is bumptiousness, and this also comes from egotism; it is a different expression of the same fundamental fault. Try to eradicate the root if you have a tendency to either of its demonstrations.

There are all sorts of modern philosophers (in petticoats mostly, but still some of them are men!) who, with more or less subtle reasoning, are trying to inculcate an idea of the necessity of individualism in all women. They urge every

unit to express her individuality, with the result that the average female, who is little higher than the animal world in intelligence, and not half so endowed with instinct, is becoming a perfect bore! She has not the sense to see that, if she were really gifted, nothing on earth could keep her from being individual, and that, if she is not so, to try to push forward her commonplace ideas only serves to make her less attractive in the eyes of the opposite sex. Numbers of foolish feather-brains, bitten with the idea that they have this high mission of showing their individuality, have upset all possibility of their own happiness. The mass of women could not have been intended to be individual by the laws of nature—not of man—and the few who are highly gifted have unconsciously been raised on pedestals without their own effort. These are the first to comprehend that it is necessary to look facts straight in the face, and to realize that when it comes to the last stand, no matter what laws are made, man will still be the master, through physical force. And oh! it would be perfectly frightful, would it not,

if we got back to a state where men were obliged to club us to get their own way!

Few things make a woman more attractive to a man than good manners. The wise woman gives more than a passing thought to this important subject.

The tendency of the present day is to do away with all gentle things, and among them courtesy has gone by the board, so that to see anyone still with beautiful and gracious manners is a thing to be remarked upon and rejoiced over.

The modern young woman is so innately selfish that, as a rule, her manners are only good when some definite momentary gain to herself makes their display worth while. She is too short-sighted to look ahead and see their value, and she is no longer a proud person remembering what is due to herself, and, therefore, that good manners ought to be the stamp of her breeding. She is often as primitive as a young savage, with a smattering of a fair mental education on top.

Numbers of kind-hearted mothers about forty years ago began to think that their own training

has been horribly stiff and cruel, and gave a much greater license to their offspring. Ridicule was cast upon the rules that had been in practice for every girl entering society. People began to laugh at numbers of things, a sense of humor was reviving, and it attacked the methods and fashions of "young ladyhood." The children of those days, who are now mothers of the present young girls, went a step further, with the best intentions, and augmented, by the craze for exercise and out-of-door games, the effect of the lax rules of deportment, so that now one hardly ever sees a really gracious and graceful young girl, and some of them are the most unattractive specimens of youthful females in consequence.

The wise woman will be a cunning creature and combine the methods of the old and the new. If your tastes incline to violent outdoor games, assiduously cultivate beautiful and gracious manners as well, so that the young men you play with, while admiring your skill, will not feel that they can treat you as "another fellow," hardly with courtesy, and with no consideration.

Try not to be ungraceful in walking. Try not to sit in every awkward position that may be comfortable. Do not display yards of ankle. One sees these defects so constantly now that one has almost ceased to remark upon them.

If you want really to enjoy life and count as a coveted quantity, you must rise above the general company of young, unmeaning beings of your sex, so as to make the nice young man you may fancy think of you, not as one of a batch for him to choose from, but as the only desirable creature in all the world for him to strive to obtain. The really interesting thing is to be a personality, not one of the herd. And all the stuff and nonsense which you may have been told about women fitting themselves for a self-sufficing existence, and their "rights," and their assertion of equality, are pitiful makeshifts, of use only if the poor things do not obtain the sole real joy and happiness—to be the loved and honored mate of some nice man. If, by your self-assertion and exaggerated mentality, you have been able to crush out all sex instinct, then you become as the working bee

—of a third sex, an anomaly in nature, and a ridiculous excrescence in God's scheme of human progression. So for heaven's sake keep this in view. Train what individuality in yourself you will, but keep your clear perspective so as to be able to see the ultimate goal of happiness.

I think I have been rather generalizing, so now I want to come down to a concrete description of what I think would be a perfect young girl, and you must tell me if you agree with this picture of a female "admirable Crichton"! I think, firstly, she ought to be sensible enough to understand the colossal importance and value of beauty, and to have learned to take care of her personal appearance, so that in every way she is a pleasure to the eye. She ought to have discovered early what style of garments suits her; she should have practiced until she can do her hair becomingly; and by exercises, and by care in remembering what is ugly and to be avoided, she should have perfected the grace of her body's movements. All these things have been looked upon, not as vanities, but as the natural polishing of the body

God had entrusted her with, as the shrine for her soul.

Her voice should be soft, and her cultivation at least sufficient—should she not be naturally clever—to make her know the topics of the day which are interesting to converse upon; and she should be broad enough not to be prejudiced about any of them.

Unselfishness in her should go as far as not to want always to have her own way, regardless of whom it hurts or discomforts. (One could not expect more than that in these days!)

She ought to have so high a respect for herself that she could never make herself cheap, but she should also have common sense enough to realize that she must have her weapons of attraction peculiarly well polished. Then, out of the circle of possible husbands she will have to choose from, she may hope to attract the best—because like clings to like.

As she is my ideal young girl, she will not be stupid enough to set out with the idea of making her own life self-sufficing. Whatever circum-

stances may force her to do afterward, at least to start with she will know that to be happily married is the natural goal, and that to obtain this good thing she must take care of her equipments and fit them for the post she aspires to.

She must have tact and a highly cultivated sense of humor, so that she may not be a bore with her notions and her egotism. She must not stand against the times, but be so ruled by fine taste that she cannot be drawn into any exaggeration.

Her ambition is to become the inspiration and adored mate of whatever nice man she may marry, because, as she is very highly refined and balanced, she will not be attracted by the weakling or the fool, whom she would inevitably rule while she despised him.

If she finds that somehow she has drifted into union with one of these beings, then it will be time enough for her to assert her supremacy—and the more self-controlled and equilibrated she is, the more successfully will she be able to stand alone if necessity requires her to do so. But, remember that the natural goal and the happy and

glorious goal of a woman is to strive to be the refining influence, the inspiration and the worshiped joy of a man. When she has to be self-sufficing, then, no matter how great she may become, the happiness is only second-best. So as you have youth and a clear sky, you should set forth with a desire for this best and greatest happiness.

You must not forget that whatever the other person thinks and feels about you is what you yourself have given him the presentment of. It lies entirely with you, therefore, what impression on his heart and brain you wish to create. I do assure you that it is infinitely more agreeable when he thinks you all that is perfect, and is passionately in love, than when he is mildly attracted by your golf and your camaraderie, while his unemployed senses, left at liberty to roam, stray to the more cunning young women, who have realized that some feminine allurements are not bad things to cultivate. By all means play your golf and your tennis if they give you pleasure, but try and make your partner feel that these things are a means to securing the end he desires: namely,

your company and companionship; not that you are the means to his enjoyment of the game. Do not throw away all mystery and appear a loud, jolly schoolboy, because, if you do, naturally the other "boys" will treat you as one of themselves, or as a sister—not as "another fellow's sister," to be considered, and whose favors are to be schemed for.

There are all sorts of points about manners which add to a girl's charm. When you come into a room pay respect to elder people; it will not take up much of your time, and is a gracious tribute of youth to age. And when you go out to dine or lunch do not sit silent if you happen to be bored with the person who is next to you. You owe it to your hostess to try to make things as agreeable as possible. And when you are invited to people's houses remember this also: You have been asked because the hostess likes you, or you are a credit to her, or she is under some obligation to return some civility from your family. In all three cases you ought to make good by proving you are a most desirable guest. Try to

acquire prestige, so that none of the nicest parties are complete without you; then you can choose which you prefer to go to. But prestige is not acquired without tact and perfect manners on all occasions. The tendency of all modern society is toward vulgarity and display, with a ruthless, cynical, brutal worship of wealth, snatching at any means to the end of luxury and pleasure. People accept invitations from those they despise, for no other reason than because they are rich and the entertainment will be well done. It is awfully cheap, is it not?

Try to be kind to everyone you come in contact with and make them feel at home, however humble they may be, if they are your guests; be gracious and thoughtful for their comfort and pleasure—you need never be familiar or gushing. Be simple and modest; all pretense is paltry and all boasting is vain; nothing but the truth lasts or gains any respect.

I should like to tell you a little story before I finish this chapter, as an instance of really exquisite manners.

A long time ago I was staying in Scotland with a very great lady; we were all going in to Edinburgh for the day. My friend was a little short-sighted, and while we stopped at the bookstall before crossing over the viaduct to the departure platform I noticed a rather humble-looking little woman nervously and anxiously trying to bow to my hostess who did not perceive her. After we had mounted the stairs and crossed the line her daughter told my great lady of this, and how Mrs. Mackenzie, the new doctor's wife, had looked quite hurt. My friend was so distressed that she made an excuse to return to the bookstall, so that she might casually pass the little woman again and bow and speak, but not to hurt her feelings by making her feel she had done it on purpose. I went with her, and while buying an extra paper she glanced up sweetly at the humble-looking little woman, and said:

"Oh! how do you do, Mrs. Mackenzie? I hope your little children are well, and the Doctor; so glad to see you are quite recovered from the influenza I heard you had," and then, with a gra-

cious smile, she drew me on, and we had to run back up the stairs to be in time for our train. Such manners as these are the only true and beautiful ones, because they spring from a kind and tender heart.

WINNING AND HOLDING THE WOMAN YOU LOVE

CHAPTER IV

WINNING AND HOLDING THE WOMAN YOU LOVE

I suppose most of you read the novel "Babbitt," popular some time ago. It is not about the book that I want to talk, but about the "Babbitts" of this world. I see dozens of men in the streets and in the hotel, in appearance exactly like the original Babbitt. That is, much too fat, with necks as though they were bursting out of their collars, ungainly figures, faces often badly shaved if it is in the morning, and with every sign that food and drink and want of proper exercise have choked the human body with useless deposits.

They vary in age from thirty to fifty, when men ought to be in the perfection of manhood. Some seem to be growing "Babbittish" even as young as twenty-five!

Now this is a great tragedy and ought to be combated by women. What is the first step taken by the splendid young athletes just emerged from college which begins to turn them into these unappetizing lumps of human tissue? Women ought to ask themselves these questions:

Is it too many hours sitting in offices? Is it frantic preoccupation about the almighty dollar? Or what is it? And how can it be altered? For undoubtedly the women of America are the most beautiful and the most dainty of any in the world, and it is not fair to them, when one of them has married a handsome young man for love, that before ten years have gone he should have turned into a meaty "Babbitt." I am not speaking here of the character of the "Babbitts," but of their appearance.

How can these unattractive men expect that their wives can go on loving them and giving willing service in the home with every atom of romance knocked out of their dreams? Instead of a fine young lover coming back from his work

—a creature growing grosser each year presents himself! How can such a man, if he be single, expect to win the love of any really worth while woman?

Surely to keep himself fit and lean and athletic ought to matter a great deal more to the ordinary man than it seems to.

There must be a first step in decline. Let us analyze what it probably is. The fundamental cause, of course, is some want of self-respect—yes, that sounds drastic, but it is true. If self-respect were supreme, as it ought to be, no man could permit the inertia of mind and body which is the initial cause of coarsening. He would feel that this weakness was not due to his proud spirit, and he would combat the first sign of it. But very few people have real self-respect—they think that they have—they throw dust in their own eyes over all their own feebleness or failings. The first time one of these gorgeous young men of three or four and twenty perceives in his looking-glass that his image is thickening, or that his eyes

look less clear, or his skin less healthy, he ought to ask himself what is the probable cause—and how he can prevent its recurrence.

His scales ought to warn him every month or two, and the size of his collars. Then he might usefully tell his reflection in the mirror what he thinks of it! He might wonder if it is the kind of a one which would be likely to hold the fancy of women in the abstract, and so of the particular woman in his own case. And then, when he is quite certain in his own mind about it, he would have the incentive to use practical means to remedy his defects.

I know there are thousands of women who will feel with me upon this matter—that is, the tragedy of these fine young men so soon turning into these unattractive creatures. So supposing that just one of the "Babbitts" has chanced to look in his mirror and realized that he has let slip marvelous things—youth and health—and he is beginning to wonder how he can get them back and so make himself attractive to women.

He ought to first realize that whatever he puts

into his body has some effect upon it—bad or good. Then he might review what, in a general way, he has been eating in the last few years, and whether or not his common sense approves of it. Especially he might try to remember what he has been drinking, and what kind of an effect the various forms of alcohol would logically be likely to create upon the coats of his interior mechanisms.

And, lastly, he might speculate upon how much nicotine poisoning could have permeated his blood and his glands and his system from the hundreds of cigars and cigarettes he has indulged in.

He might put a little of his clever business calculation into all this, as though he were investigating a new business he had taken over which had been a failure and which he meant now to make into a success. If he were to do this frankly and honestly, without camouflaging truth to his vanity, in the space of a year he could regain a very great deal of his lost attraction. But human beings, unless they can see instantaneous

results of any actions, invariably attribute causes to whatever is least wounding to their self-love. So our Mr. Babbitt of thirty-five—weighing many pounds more than he ought to—will tell himself the change is caused by things he cannot help—exigencies of his work, worry, scarcity of time, heredity, and so on. But he will not readily face the primary causes which he could have helped—self-indulgence in food, in alcohol, and in nicotine!

A young man of twenty-eight, who once was very handsome, deplored that he was losing all his hair and his figure. I could see that his figure was no longer that lithe, lean, spruce shape it had been when he left his university. His physical attraction was really gone. He gave every imaginable reason for these alterations and misfortunes—none, of course, that he could possibly have avoided. He smelt very unpleasant as we talked—and he smoked cigarettes incessantly, and delightedly told me of the marvelous parties he attended continually where he got saturated with alcohol—"plastered," he called it!

When I ventured to say these two things might be the cause of his changed appearance and thinning hair, he was indignant. It was indigestion —and having to wear a hat so much in his business!

Well, the thing is hopeless with minds like that. It means that the person is a weakling who lets his habits rule him, not he his habits.

Then I thought of his dainty, charming young wife of twenty-five—with her care of her person, her pretty, slim figure, her fresh, clean teeth —she does not smoke or drink—and I did not wonder that she looks often sad and restless and is beginning to be interested in other men. They have been married five years and Bruce has turned from a young Greek god into a rather disgusting person. If his wife ever *does* grow to care more for someone else than she does for him, it will be his own fault—and he will have no one to blame but himself.

Now it is quite useless to be a crusader and hammer at human follies. The only possible way to help humanity is to dispel ignorance upon

the subjects, then leave it to each person's free will to change or not, as he or she thinks best. If people knew what their tissues and organs looked like, because of the things they pour over and into them, and knew exactly what would follow in their health and appearance, thousands of them would alter their mode of life and food and drink—but they don't know, and so drift on! What a pity!

The "Babbitts" often have hideous haircuts, where the head is almost shaved above the back of the neck and above the ears, while the rest of the hair is left longer, suggesting to unaccustomed eyes that they are all suffering from some unpleasant skin disease requiring treatment. Or that they are trying to look like Chinamen—but without the pig-tails!

The American barber shops, men of other nations tell me, are the best in the world, with every known appliance for rendering male creatures "soigne." Then why do we not see better results?

No man can want to be grotesque and unat-

tractive. Why, then, not pay more attention to appearance, health and exercise?

Fat men may be good dancers, excellent dinner companions, and jolly friends—but they cannot successfully play the rôle of lover. They are not romantic—they do not appeal to most women.

So take warning, you men who measure more around the waist than around the chest! If you want to be successful in love you must eat less or exercise more—or both.

What money can make up for rolls of fat in the wrong places, indigestion, and inertia? To amass less dollars would seem to be common sense and keep health and vigor to enjoy what you do possess.

Men seldom continue to love women who become revolting objects, so why should they expect women to go on loving them if they make no effort to please the eye?

A good plan, when you happen to be dining in a restaurant, is to try to imagine what each person, including yourself, will look like in five

years. Really take yourself to task and discover what road you are going upon and what its end is likely to be. It will often give you a salutary jolt. But remember that nothing remains stationary. Therefore with will it is perfectly possible to improve all the time, just as with drift you are certain to go down hill faster each year.

But above everything, the splendid young men ought to determine that they will remain fit and lithe, and continue to take the necessary exercise which keeps them so.

Now, this is enough about the outsides of the Babbitts! I want to talk about their characters. They are all probably like the Babbitt in the book—kind-hearted fellows, with a longing for Romance tucked away somewhere under their over-fed and over-drunk exteriors.

If you have a longing for something in a shop, or a position, or any material thing, you usually use your brains to see how you can secure it. And you generally do get it. But romance will not come to you, if, far from using your brains

to see what will bring it, you just drift on, piling up conditions which will absolutely prevent its reaching you.

Romance is that joy of the spirit which gilds ordinary things into radiance, and if poor Mr. Babbitt had realized that he had it in his grasp when he started out on life's journey with his mate, but that he would lose it—certainly if he were not very careful—he would have used more perspicacity.

Girls could prevent their sweethearts from turning into Babbitt-husbands if they determined to; but the sad part is that many of them become Babbitt-wives; forgetting all the little refinements of reserve in daily life which it is necessary to observe to avoid disillusion.

The Mrs. Babbitt came to wake the reluctant Babbitt from his dream of romance—combing out her switch of false hair! If only all girls starting out on their honeymoons would remember that no man can remain in love if he is disillusioned, and all you men would remember that

no girl can continue to feel thrills if she is disgusted, thousands of unions would be much happier in after years.

But no man need grow into a "Babbitt" because this condition is not the inevitable reaction of attention to business and a boring, small-town life! It is caused by an attitude of mind, a defective sense of understanding what effect your own habits and personal ways may have on others.

What man, if he took time to think or had fine sensibilities, could possibly clear his throat and spit in the incredible way one unfortunately hears and sees so many of them doing? Think of the feelings of these dainty girls these spitters may be taking out! Think of the poor wives who hear these noises in their walks with their husbands. If men are too unrefined to notice these things themselves, their womenkind—be they mothers, sisters, sweethearts, or wives—ought to tell them how hideously unattractive the habit is. They should not let it go on.

Of course, in other countries where class dis-

tinction still exists strongly none of these things are ever seen except among the quite low classes, because they would not be tolerated in any grade calling itself society.

But in a democracy, where everyone is equal, it is more necessary than ever to encourage refinement universally, because the road mender or sewer cleaner may one day be a millionaire and the head of a vast business. So it is useful for him to have good manners and refined ways from the beginning drummed into his head.

As stated above, in a democracy everyone is supposed to be equal. It is, of course, merely a phantasy. No law or self-assertion can make equality, because what is in the brain of one man or woman may make him or her soar above the crowd. Brain will always assert itself. A master mind will rule and a servant mind will be ruled, whether under Bolshevism or Autocracy.

The best thing a democracy can do is to provide education so as to raise the average standard and to give the chance of obtaining mental equipment to all alike.

But I don't want to discuss democracy—but to talk of conquering those bad habits that make one unattractive and revolting to the opposite sex. It is much more amusing to be a "Master" than a "Servant," in your inner being. A "Servant" may have millions of dollars and dozens of retainers but cannot command one of his own weaknesses. He is a miserable slave to a habit—or a desire! A "Master" may not possess a cent—but his actions and desires are under his own iron control, and because of this, he very seldom remains centless long!

Few human beings are entire masters; all of us are apt to allow some desire or habit, now and then, to get the better of us. But strong characters conquer nearly every time. A respected head of a woman's club, who believed she ruled everything and everybody, told me last week she just couldn't resist having cups of coffee throughout the day. "I'm a regular coffee-fiend," she said with pride. And when I said, "Poor Servant!" she was most annoyed, even when I explained that she was but a servant to her coffee

habit. Men are often servants to smoke, or to drink, or to gambling.

It is want of real self-respect that made this club leader drink too much coffee—and be a servant to her habit. It is want of self-respect which makes people say: "I just had to," and "I must have it." If the inward YOU is considered by the conscious YOU, as something which must not be soiled, something that is King, which your pride must keep as such, you would never permit any folly or degradation. You would not care what praise you received as a reward if you knew it was not due to you, nor would you be concerned by undeserved blame.

If all bad habits in men were recognized by women as the disgusting and revolting things they are, and an individual protest made by every offended girl, in a year or two the habits would be eradicated.

The female population are to blame for putting up with horrid things. Girls are to blame for tolerating young men who are unrefined. Wives are to blame for allowing their husbands

to form sickening habits. Mothers are to blame for permitting their little sons to acquire ways they know will be revolting when they grow up. The small amount of effort it would take men to be refined and attractive would be repaid a million-fold in general happiness, and would certainly cause love between the sexes to last much longer.

I wonder how many romances owe their ends —if the truth were known—to the man having revolted the senses of sight, scent or hearing of the woman! For never forget the love emotion is entirely dependent upon the reaction created upon the senses.

Affection can continue through offended senses, but not the love thrill. The most faithful spirit cannot feel responsive to passion if the other person smells unpleasant or is revolting to sight or hearing.

So, girls, do be very particular in yourselves, and absolutely exact refinement and delicacy in your sweethearts!

Much of the situation is in your own hands.

How can a man keep his wife a sweetheart?

Now that is not a difficult question to answer, but a very difficult thing to get a man to do! Because one of the most tiresome wants about human beings is that they seem to have a defective sense of values, and are constantly putting stress upon the wrong thing.

As for a man's wishing to keep his wife a sweetheart, he might possibly really desire it more than anything else in his life. But this defective realization of values would make him do all the things which disillusion women, just because the man has ordinary habits, and he had never paused to calculate what reaction they would have on his mate. This question of keeping a legal partner surrounded with the glamour which differentiates duty from inclination, is primarily concerned with the senses; if they are affronted, the emotion departs.

So, Jack, the first thing you have got to ask yourself is: Are you sure the knowledge of that wedding ring, and the consequent sense of security may not make you careless of the little

things you were careful about when you were only engaged? Will you be as particular as to your cleanliness and apparel as you ought to be? Will you remain appetizing altogether? Because if you do not, you cannot expect Claire to feel thrilled by you—with the best will in the world to do so, her physical senses will be offended and she cannot help feeling revolted.

It is not that she is fickle or unkind; it is not that you are less loving or have grown selfish. It is just because the senses of sight and scent and hearing will have received an unpleasant shock—and then, alas! Glamour cannot continue, reality chases it away!

We are not supposed to talk of such indelicate things, but when an ill has to be mended there is no use in giving receipts or attributing causes to untrue reasons. Nine times out of ten the cause that has made the wife cease to be the sweetheart is some want of refinement in the man. Women are sensitive creatures, and these things matter to them exceedingly! It is a continual source of surprise to me, for instance, at

restaurants where they dance, to see these perfectly exquisite girls who have taken the trouble to bathe and change into pretty fresh clothes for the evening, being clasped in the arms of young men obviously in their business suits—hot and ungroomed, and probably not bathed since morning!

I am coming back to this subject later, but I had to touch upon it here because it has a strong bearing upon the sweetheart-wife question. If you want to keep your Claire the former, Jack, remember first to make yourself physically attractive and then remember to go on being a lover in all ways. Remember to SAY nice things, to show appreciation, to express your satisfaction with Claire and her ways if you feel it. Do not satiate her with caresses at the wrong time. Make yourself interesting, and attract what mind she may have, but on the other hand, do not relapse into coldness because that may have been your natural character, and you were only ardent while the hunting instinct was unsatisfied.

If Claire puts on pretty things to please you,

do not take them as a matter of course; notice and admire them. If she, on her side, begins to be careless, or shows unreasonableness, do not put up with it. Let her know immediately that you have remarked these defects, and that she will disillusionize you if they go on! Her vanity will then make her very careful, and you will want her as a sweetheart as much as she will want you.

Why be so illogical as to imagine a wife will remain a sweetheart if you are not a lover? You would never be so stupid in a business deal! Human relationship can be disgusting, or it can be as beautiful as the angels. The difference is not in the force of the re-creative instinct, but in the spiritual refinement of the individuals. And if spiritual and physical refinements are not there, no wife can remain a sweetheart.

It is the rarest thing in the world to find an American girl anything but prettily dressed, even if it has to be inexpensively, sometimes—and, rarer still, not to find her spruce and clean and fresh looking. In the evening she gives the im-

pression that she has taken pains to go home and wash and dress and re-do her hair; she is, in short, the most appetizing young woman in the entire world.

Why do the men then not appreciate her sufficiently to take equal pains? Why do they soil this lovely thing by dancing with it in business coats—and shirts obviously crumpled with the heat of the day?

I do not care how poor the young man is, he can make the same effort his pretty partner does —nor does it matter how old the coat is, if it is not the same as he has worn all day. It would not matter if the shirt were frayed—if it were fresh as Claire's gown. It is not showing proper respect for the girl he is taking out to be so ungroomed looking. Claire's sight and SCENT nerves are absolutely revolted by an unkempt appearance in an escort—so how can she really enjoy herself? This uncouthness in young men is especially pitiable since they are often such splendid specimens of humanity. If all the lovely girls in each city were to band together and

refuse to go out with the boys until they were bathed and dressed after business—what a difference it would make! I do not mean that they must put on dinner coats and white waistcoats if they have all driven out to some country club and the girls are in afternoon frocks. But in the cases where the girls have put on smart evening dresses with bare necks and arms, the young men should take the same trouble. Why should women have to make all the effort? No European girls, if they were as beautifully turned out and lovely as the girls are here, would put up with uncouth young men for one moment. You never see the anomaly of men in business suits and women in ballroom dresses. It would not be considered respectful to the women.

So why should American girls, who are by far the loveliest in the world, submit to it? To be difficult—"difficile," as the French say—about these things, would only add to their value. And if the young men would give them less expensive food when they go out and spend the money on making themselves fresh and well dressed, I am

sure the girls would appreciate it. I dare say the young men will be very cross with me for saying this—but I do not care! I am all for the girls in it. I am their champion, and many of them have written to me and asked me to air this subject and their grievance.

How can Claire feel romantic—when her fresh pink georgette form is being clasped in thick tweed arms! Half her force is taken up in controlling her disgust at the odor of the many times damped wool. How can love-light thrill through her eyes when they look up and see a thatch of hair above an almost shaven ring of head, making the ears stand out like a monkey's? Of course she cannot, poor, dear, beautiful child! She is disappointed, and she does not know why. The very sense which taught her to make herself so *soignee* and refined makes her sensitive. To keep the body bathed and groomed and brushed and spruce is the duty of every self-respecting youth.

Girls, don't you agree with me?

KEEPING A MAN IN LOVE

CHAPTER V

KEEPING A MAN IN LOVE

No one accomplishes any rôle successfully without some preparatory training—and the rôle of a married woman requires a good deal of thought bestowed upon it before it should be undertaken.

We will suppose that you desire to retain the love and devotion of your husband, and have not merely married him for a home and a place in society. In this case face the fact that it is always a difficult matter for a woman to keep a man in love with her when once she belongs to him and he has no obstacles to overcome. For man is a hunter naturally, and when the quarry is obtained his interest in that particular beast wanes, although the interest in securing by his skill another of the same species remains as active as ever.

The wise woman realizes all primitive and deep-seated instincts in human nature, and adapts herself to them. She recognizes the futility of trying to make her personal protest effective against what is a fundamental characteristic of all male animals.

Who, seeing a wall with several gates in it, would be so foolish as to fling herself against the stones instead of quietly going through one of the openings, simply because she resented the wall's being there at all! And yet this is what numbers—indeed the majority—of women do, figuratively, in their dealings with men; and so destroy their own happiness.

If you decide to try to keep your husband, attend to your means of attraction. While you were engaged to him you would not have allowed him to see you looking ugly or unappetizing for the world—such things are even more important after you are married. Never under any circumstances let him have the chance of feeling physically repulsed—for the very first time he experiences this sensation that will be the beginning

of the end of his being *in love* with you, although he may go on treating you in a very kind and friendly way. But if you want to keep him in a blissful state, attend far more to pleasing his eye and his ear when alone with him than to pleasing the world when you go out. Let him feel that whatever admiration you provoke—and the more you do provoke the better he will love you—your most utterly attractive allurements are reserved as special treats for himself alone. Very deep affection can remain when all sense of "being in love" is over, but it has lost its exquisite aroma of sweetness.

Above all, remember this: Though your husband may have the most honorable desire to be faithful to you in the letter and the spirit, he cannot by his *own will* suppress or increase his actual emotion toward you, and if you destroy his ideal of you it cannot be his fault if his ardor cools. That is one point of gigantic importance which I always want to hammer into people's heads—whatever a person thinks or feels about you, you yourself are responsible for. You have

given his or her sensibilities that impression, exactly as when you look in a mirror your reflection is reproduced.

People complain of being misunderstood, but it is because they themselves, unconsciously perhaps, have given the cause for misunderstanding. You may say a man is a brute and a false traitor, because in May he was passionately loving, making every vow to you, but in October he had cooled, and by December he had become in love with some one else! Granted that some men have fickle natures and more easily stray than others, still the actual emotion for a particular person is not under any human being's control, only the demonstrations of it. I must be very explicit about this statement in case you misunderstand me.

I mean that no man or woman can love or unlove at will—(by "love" I mean all the emotions which are contained in the state called "being in love"). This state in man or woman is produced, as I said before, by some attraction in the loved one, just as a needle is attracted by a

magnet. If the magnetic power were to lessen in the magnet the needle could not prevent itself from falling away from it—or if another and stronger magnet were placed near the needle it would be drawn to that. It—the needle—would only be obeying natural laws and therefore would not be responsible.

Which, then, could you blame—the original magnet or the needle?

Obviously the magnet is responsible.

You may reply, "But the magnet did not wish to lessen in attraction; that and the arrival of the stronger magnet were pure misfortunes and accidents of fate."

Granted—but this only brings in a third influence—it does not *throw the blame upon the needle.* So I want you to understand, that if a man ceases to love you it is your own fault—or misfortune—never his fault; just as, if you cease to love the man, it is his fault or misfortune, not yours.

These are truths which ninety-nine women out of a hundred do not care to face. But the wise

hundredth, realizing that she is the magnet, tries her uttermost to keep her magnetic power strong enough to withstand all misfortune or the attacks of other magnets—that is, if she wishes to keep the man who is the needle.

And if he leaves her she must ask herself *how she is in fault.* She must *never blame him.* If she cannot discover that she is in fault at all, she is then in the position of the first magnet—and it is her misfortune; but misfortune can be turned into success by intelligence, and, with skill, a magnet can be recharged.

Now do you clearly understand this argument? I hope so, because I have put it plainly enough to make you conscious of your personal responsibility in the matter of being able to retain your husband's love. So we can get back to the subject of the vital importance of keeping his senses pleased with you.

There are numbers of girls who at the end of a month of marriage have done, said, and looked things which they would have died rather than

let their fiancés perceive, hear, or see, and yet who are much astonished and feel resentful and aggrieved because they begin to reap the harvest of their own actions in the fact of their husbands showing less love and respect for them.

How illogical! How foolish!

The magnet and the needle simile works both ways. If your husband ceases to draw your affection he will only have himself or his misfortune to blame—not you. We have been speaking of emotions hitherto, and of their impossibility of control—and to leave the discussion at that would open a dangerous door to those featherbrains who never, if they can help it, look at the real meaning of an argument, but adapt it and turn it to fit their own desires. So I must forcibly state that, although the actual emotion in its coming or going is not under human control, the demonstration of it most emphatically is, being entirely a question of will. A strong will can master any demonstration of emotion, and it is the duty of either the young hus-

band or wife to sternly curb all vagrant fancies in themselves, whose encouragement can only bring degradation and disaster.

No knowledge of the fact that your husband cares more for you than you do for him ought to make you lessen your determination to be attractive to him. To be absolutely unkind or cruel would not have so alienating an effect as to be unattractive. No woman can count upon her power if she ceases to charm the man's senses. Should you be happy enough to love a little less than your husband, you may feel that all this analyzing of cause and effect which I have been treating you to does not altogether apply in your case, but still, if you *are wise* you will take to heart most of it, and so hold what you have won.

Now for a very important subject: The permitting and encouraging of vagrant fancies. In these days, when no discipline has been taught girls, and very little principle, young wives are prone to indulge any caprice which comes into their heads. Good-looking and attractive young

women are bound to have many temptations to look elsewhere for diversions very soon after they are married. And here wisdom—quite apart from high principle—should teach you to resist as much as possible, because of the end. Ask yourself if it is worth while to start a ball rolling which can only roll down hill—if it is worth while, for the momentary gratification of vanity, to open a door which will let in complete disillusion for the life which you have undertaken to live. Because all forbidden excitements are like drugs—they have to be taken in stronger and stronger doses to produce their effect, until the patient is a wretched maniac or dies under the strain. Suggestion and a strong will are such great helps to happiness. Suggest to your subconscious mind that you are perfectly happy and contented with your legitimate mate—make the current between you one of tenderness and charm, and sternly control every unbalanced fancy.

I quote here another of my maxims: "It is a wise man who knows when he is happy and can

appreciate the divine bliss of the tangible *now*. Most of us retrospect or anticipate, and so lose the present."

Do not retrospect—do not anticipate. Go on from day to day enjoying the good things which fate has given you: manage them like a careful housewife—use forethought—quite a different thing to anticipation! Recognize that you are happy and decide what makes you so, and how you can continue to employ the methods to keep this joyous state. Be perfectly calm, and believe that nothing can alter or interrupt the enchanting present. For do not forget—each one draws to himself or herself what his or her thoughts dwell upon. Those who lay up for a rainy day attract the rainy day as surely as those who always believe that good will secure good. A very useful thing for you to do is to look around at all your young married friends, and see what niches they have carved for themselves in the world—which ones are considered and have prestige, which are treated as nobodies, which are laughed at or pitied. Then try to decide upon the grade in

public opinion you would desire to occupy yourself, and what are the causes of your friends being in whatever places they are. You will get a number of advantageous hints if you do this before embarking upon marriage yourself.

You will find that simplicity, good manners, and absence of all pretense are things which attract everyone. You will be wise never to be drawn into a set one iota lower than the one you wish to shine in. Weed your acquaintances and remain faithful to your friends. Society is composed, so to speak, of three loops. There is a very common loop, which, at its upper edge, slightly overlaps the one above it, so that the best of these common people will just be seen at the worst of the middle loop's parties. The middle loop, in its turn, overlaps at its highest point the third and great loop, which never mingles with the first and lowest one. Enter society by the best door available, and see that you are not drawn to the lower edge of your loop, and so into the vortex beneath. A large section of the world rave and storm that people are snobs who

desire to be in the best society, but they forget that it is entirely the most amusing, the most intelligent, and the most desirable, and therefore a very natural goal for newcomers to aim at. The cleverest men go where they meet the cleverest and most entertaining women. And these are naturally to be found among the leisured classes, who have had time to polish all their attractions, who have had money enough to see the world and cultivate their critical faculties, who have learned to dress and to move and to please the eye and ear, and whose abodes provide their guests not only with rich food and drink and spacious rooms, but surround them with an atmosphere of taste and distinction as well. And when you see people with great riches commanding no prestige, you may know it is because in themselves they have failed to come up to the standard of what the best society requires. It is also the fashion to say wealth is necessary to a position in society. It may be, if you are only trying to enter it, but it is certainly not the case if you have a right to your position, and are already there. Then, if

you have just a sufficiency to swim with the tide, and are charming and agreeable in yourself, you can create a position for yourself and be the desired guest at all the best houses.

Men are not angels, but spoilt, attractive darlings! And very few come anywhere near the heroes of romance. If you fall in love with one who may in any way be unequal to yourself—in family, in position, in education, or in wealth—do not, when you are married, ever under any circumstances taunt him with the fact. Never insinuate or infer that because of ANY superiority, you are mistress of the situation. The man, although he may forgive you, will never recover from the sting and the humiliation, and you will have created a canker in his feelings for you which nothing you can ever afterward do will heal. Remember that, if you have married a man in anything inferior to yourself, you did it deliberately and because you were convinced at the time that what he had to offer you in exchange was worth while accepting. In these days no one is forced into marriage. And nothing can

be meaner or more unladylike than to insinuate even to your husband that you are superior. Where love is, there never should be any desire to humiliate, and, when love flies away, friendship can stay, and dignity and respect take his place.

If your husband has a fine spirit you will have wounded him beyond redress by taunting him, and, if he has a small mind, you will have galled him into enmity, besides having fallen far short of that respect for yourself which is the mainstay of my basic principle.

A woman recently wrote to me in great indignation. She said it would seem that my sympathy was entirely with men; they were all angels, and it was always the woman's fault if trouble came, and my general teaching was that women should pander to men and be subservient! Of course this is all nonsense.

Sometimes it is the man's fault and sometimes the woman's. In England, where there are not enough men to go around, it is the women who often have to be the hunters—and therefore their

methods have to be quite different from those of the Americans in whose country there are plenty of mates, and women can pick and chose. But in every country it is the female brain which has to do the thinking how to keep the male attracted to her, when once wedded to her, because of the fundamental roving nature-instinct which the Creator of the scheme of things thought fit to implant in man to insure the species being carried on against all the tremendous odds surrounding life on this planet.

It is a natural instinct for a man to be unfaithful—and it is only the efforts of social and religious training since the Christian era began which in any degree keep this natural tendency in check. For a man to have twenty wives only aids replenishment of humanity—therefore Nature, who is a ruthless dame where her laws are concerned, would encourage him, even if the law does not allow him to have twenty, at least to have the subconscious desire for any new beauty he may see. So if the woman who is his wife by law does not fill his imagination to the exclusion

of vagrant fancies, the man has to fight a natural instinct to remain faithful to her.

Everything we experience goes back to some subconscious urge. And the subconscious urge in man is for many mates, so that nature may be satisfied by a prolific crop of the species homo. Thus, even in a country like America, where mates abound, and women can give themselves what airs they please before they have selected (not "secured," as in other countries!) a mate, they have still the same difficulty to hold his fancy afterwards as the less fortunate English woman. Difficulty to hold that individual man's fancy, I mean, but no difficulty to acquire a second husband when the first has been divorced, for they then go back to their original status, which is governed by the law of demand and supply.

In England the great difficulty in finding a husband at all makes the women very careful to try to please the creatures afterwards! In America, as they have had plenty to choose from, it is not likely that the point of view should be the

same. But once the wedding ring is on, the hunt is over; and then the man is once more under the influence of the inexorable nature instinct. He is faithful by law, and by tradition; he keeps his desires under by hard work and principle; but underneath, if his wife has grown to bore him, his spirit, at all events, desires change.

These are the hard facts—and women can disguise them to themselves as they will, they still remain. And with women, if the man is a cold and matter-of-fact lover, the nature instinct will unconsciously be unsatisfied, and will be at the mercy of some new illuminator who may pass by and suggest to the woman's subconscious mind, without a single word or inference to the conscious one, that he might be a more agreeable and satisfactory mate.

All this question of fidelity and infidelity is a matter of satisfied or unsatisfied nature instinct. And the higher the advancement of the spirit the less men and women are swayed by the nature instinct, and the more they can appreciate the qualities of mind which alone hold when youth, and

the desire for physical reproduction, are waning. That is why I am such an advocate of romance, because it draws the physical into the realms of the spirit, and is an aid to fidelity.

The finer the spirit, the more it craves for a mate for the soul, and the less importance it attaches to the body. Marriages, entered into because of the thrill of the flesh in propinquity, have not much chance of lasting happiness ahead because the thrill nerves grow numb with over-stimulation, just as the sight nerves grow dim with over-strain. I feel so sad when I go to weddings as a rule, especially in countries where nine-tenths of them are constructed because the parties believe that they are in love and that it is going to last forever. It is like watching raw recruits with no training plunging into the front line of a battle. And it could all be so different if fundamental reasons for things were more clearly understood. People are always talking about the mystery of human nature—there is little mystery if only it is reasonably analyzed down

to primitive instincts; and the effect of the spirit upon it as a factor is fairly gauged.

I have received many letters from worried wives asking how they can keep their husbands home in the evenings. The main object and desire of these women seems the invention of some method that will keep men at home regardless of their own feelings on the score. Women crave attention, affection, companionship, and admiration. If the husband is not at home to satisfy this craving, then the wife is miserable and unhappy—there is a void, a great emptiness.

The wife's feelings are warm and affectionate; she sees no reason why her husband's should not be just as warm and responsive. "What has she done?" she asks herself. She is kind, looks after his bodily needs, and in general performs all the wifely duties expected and demanded. Why, then, does he prefer the society of other men to hers. Why does he utter foolish and futile excuses in order to get rid of her? In most cases, it seems to me, the nature of the loving woman

is such that she does not hold herself responsible for the gradual appearance of this state of affairs. Her pride will not allow her to blame herself.

The truth is that, the more accustomed a man becomes to something, the more he sees of a possession, the more commonplace it grows. A husband takes his wife for granted, only if she allows him to.

It is very foolish for a wife to expect her husband to do something he does not want to do—like staying at home every night. Let her ask herself what real enjoyment she derives from the picture of him remaining merely to please her—because he thinks it is the proper thing to do and will try to make the best of it.

If a husband frequently wants to go out after dinner, do not become piqued. Do not weep and say he does not love you any more. If the pleasures he indulges in out of your sight are healthy, ordinary ones that most men like, do not, by any means, insist that he stay with you. He most likely will do what he most wants to regardless of how bewitching you may judge your-

self to be. So make the most of it. You may think: "Here is John giving his time and attention to his club and his sports and his work when he might be with me, whom he said he loved so madly and could never, never be without." But did you ever stop to think that if John wanted to be with you more than he wanted to do these other things, he would be with you, and that if he is not, it is because you have lost your power to hold him?

In the days when John was courting you, he was very much like a leech. He hung around to the point of distraction. He wrote letters, telephoned, sent flowers, dreamed about you—you were his whole existence. Then marriage came and the years went on. Perhaps children later. You were busy all day long attending to John's wants and the needs of John's children. You were no longer the elusive, doubtful creature.

Do you not know that this male creature is a fighting, acquisitive character who wanted you because he had to work hard for you, perhaps even win you from other armed knights? For

a time he was the old-time sweetheart. You gloried in his caresses and you were positive this was heaven. No note of alarm entered into your scheme of things. Your life was so beautiful, interrupted only by an occasional quarrel which cemented your love the closer —or seemed to. You hardly noticed, at first, that John's terms of endearment grew gradually less fervid and frequent. Finally you awoke. John had become so different—so indifferent—and here you are.

Now you want to know just how to make John desire you more than anything else. Once more you want him to stay by your side because he wants you. If you yearn for him to come back again to that happy romantic state, you have a very, very great amount of subtle work and scheming on your hands. It will not be easy. John will not be aware of any change at first. It will be difficult even to get him to think of you or observe you once more. But go back over those early days of courtship and ask yourself frankly in just what ways you have changed.

Have you lost your attractiveness to other men? Though a husband may not be jealous or suspicious of any attentions showered by other men, he cannot help but be watchful and cautious lest that which he worked so hard to get might slip from his grasp. You may not be able to bring John back to the fever pitch of his early love. That would be well-nigh impossible. It seems that the early mad passion is a divine-sent gift that takes men far above their ordinary capacity for love, affection, and the real spirit of romance. I do not say that this exaltation of the senses and spirit cannot be felt and experienced a second time—with another woman. But I do not think that it can be brought back fully in the same two persons after a certain number of years. Yet John may, all unknowingly, once more look upon you with pronounced approval. He can be made to divide his spare time with you—to act more like his old lovable self—the man you married.

Do not hope, however, to get John to the point where he is spending all his time with you. You

would be defeating your own ends, because you could not scheme always and incessantly to be a super-charming wife and woman. You will gather your reward for bringing John out of his present aggravated state of indifference by the added joys you and he will receive from his renewed attentions. To do this successfully, you must not allow John to stay at home every night, even if you have to go out yourself and leave him to his own devices.

Cultivate a few of your friends of younger days, neglected since your marriage. Let John know that you do not depend entirely on him for pleasures. Never let him feel that you are unhappy because he is not about; cleverly give him the impression that you are having as good times as ever he was able to give. Do not carry your parties and girl friends too far, however. Do not go out to the neglect of your wifely duties. Keep your home just as clean and tidy and orderly as ever. Look after John's needs but let him know you are doing those things because you are fulfilling your share of the marriage contract,

even as he. Do not let him imagine you are going to any great extremes to please him and to make him remain with you in the evening, for that would only flatter his vanity and make him all the more sure of you.

Inasmuch as man is a hunter, his eyes will be attracted to the most beautiful and the most amiable thing about him. You must strive to be that creature. You will have other women to compete with. John, should he ever compare you, must never find you sadly lacking in a meticulous care of your person, in proper conduct in public—in amiability—in general cleverness.

Of course, since your husband is your husband, he has the right to certain relations, which, nevertheless, he should not be allowed to abuse. With regard to physical contact, never allow John to say or do things to you that you would brand as coarse and vulgar in other men. Do not allow him any liberties of speech not in good taste. In other words, strive always to keep up the illusion that he does not entirely know you or possess you—that there is a certain mysterious reserve

about you that even yet it might be interesting to probe.

Do not kiss and fondle your husband too much, and by too much I mean more than a very, very little. To what extent is a woman thrilled to always be caressing a man who stands or sits like a stolid graven statue? If your husband feels the need of affection, he will manifest it. Even then, it is often wise to put him off. Some husbands kiss a wife out of a sense of duty, or they do it with the air of a general bestowing a medal on some brave soldier who has followed out orders to the letter. Be sure the fond touchings your husband bestows upon you come from the heart and not from habit.

Be elusive—always. Do not be too late in becoming elusive, either. Begin from the very first day you are married.

Do not boast about the pretty things men have said to you, or gallant acts they have performed. You might cleverly now and then get over to your husband very tactfully, as if jesting, the fact that so-and-so said or did such a thing. Do not

do it in such a fashion, however, that he will think you a vain, coquettish creature who believes all the pretty compliments men are so prone to pay to interesting women. Do not believe them yourself. Take all compliments, except those of your husband, with a grain of salt. Men just cannot help wishing to make an impression on a desirable one, a trait which has been tremendously abetted and encouraged by foolish women who would like to believe that men mean all they say.

It might be wise to start off such a régime of making yourself elusive by taking your vacation this year away from your husband. Leave him to his own devices. Let him miss your tender and solicitous administrations—let him appreciate your worth by your absence. You might even write him an occasional letter just to advise him that you are enjoying yourself and that you may extend your playtime another week or two.

Do not, above all, be needlessly and heedlessly extravagant. If you are spending nearly all your husband earns, is it unreasonable to suppose that

he will not have the kindliest feelings toward you? When later years come and he is not so prosperous, as is often the case, he will have an excellent opportunity to place the blame for his condition on you. You may answer: "But he spends money right and left for this and that. He is extravagant, why should not I be?" Two wrongs do not necessarily make a right. It is your husband's money. If he spends it lavishly but healthfully, that is his blame and not your right to do the same. I do not mean that you should deny yourself useful and pleasant expenditures. You may even indulge in the trifles so dear to a woman's heart, according to your husband's income. But be sensible. Do not make John sorry he married you. Do not make him realize he took on considerably more than he bargained for. Be a help, not a detriment. Your example will do much toward suppressing any extravagance which he may have. You easily can control some of the tendencies of an extravagant husband by your lack of enthusiasm over a contemplated and expensive pleasure-tour, the

purchase of a summer cottage, or a boat, and the other endless things men love.

On the other hand, do not be penurious. I have noticed that women of too saving a nature usually do not make sweethearts, the kind of women men love.

Develop your talent. A man does not like to see an idle, time-wasting woman. She is too apt to pall upon him, to demand too much of his attention to entertain her. And she is likely to become gossipy and discontented. Learn to make your own clothes, if you have the time. Develop and train your ability to play or sing. Well-rendered music and songs have lured many a husband to a delightful evening at home. Do not be a sloth. If you have no children—the tendencies of to-day seem very much in that direction—take up some art or vocation you enjoy. Let it interest you, engage you, broaden you. And try to do well whatever you attempt. Let your husband be proud of you, as he surely will be if others are.

No wife can expect happiness if she NAGS. If

the moment her husband comes in from business, she begins to tell him of all the domestic worries—her own interests and criticism of him and his ways, gossip of female friends, and so on—she will then create in his subconsciousness a feeling of worry, weariness, and resentment. He will not consciously feel any of these things, and in the beginning while he is in love, he would not willingly entertain them for a moment.

But the subconscious mind registers the actual facts, and gradually they permeate through to the conscious, and John will know he is bored to death with Ann. And Ann will suddenly awake to the knowledge that she has lost all hold over John's affections, and that they are only jogging on together—held by law. This is a ghastly moment for a woman, and is invariably brought about by her own fault and by things which she could have prevented.

If Ann nags because she thinks she has certain "rights," she cannot expect any happiness, any more than a woman could all through the ages. She had better learn what nagging is, and be-

gin to crush the faintest tendency she may have for this defect in herself. If she is working as hard as her husband is, it is only fair that she should expect from him that same sort of self-control that she is obliged to use. When both return tired and strained from business, the husband has no more right to put an extra burden upon her of untidiness, ill-temper, or selfishness than she has upon him. Both must play fair.

Never make the mistake of threatening to leave if your husband does not cease some particularly obnoxious behavior. Such threats are successful, if ever, only because John would detest the publicity, not because he would be particularly broken-hearted at losing you.

There are so many things I could warn you against doing. There are endless suggestions for handling a recalcitrant male, but after all, you will have to manage your situation according to the conditions that obtain, according to your nature and that of your husband. Be sure you know him. Be positive you know yourself. Then go ahead. You may make some mistakes.

But you will be reaching toward a wonderful goal; you will be making your husband happy as well as yourself. And you will receive your just reward. Dividends may come slowly at first. But do not falter. After a while you may be delightfully surprised at yourself—and John.

WHY LOVE OFTEN DIES

CHAPTER VI

WHY LOVE OFTEN DIES

I am reminded of a very disturbing aspect of love by a letter I received from a young girl called Cora, inquiring why it is that she finds that she no longer feels any thrills with her fiancé, whom we will call Bob. She adored him only a month ago when they became engaged. She has seen him every day since in quite uninterrupted bliss, but she now writes, she has come to the conclusion that there is "nothing in it" and she no longer loves him.

The aspect which, to me, is disturbing, is the inherent desire in all human beings for change. Satiation sets in if we have too much of anything and then all charm departs. Fifty years ago when ordinary people never thought about any psychological reasonings, pairs rushed into love. The thing was considered a sort of divine mad-

ness. The cause of its coming was not understood, nor the cause of its going. It was just accepted as a delicious and mysterious happening and enjoyed while it lasted, then wept over when it went. The one who became tired was reproached and considered wicked and fickle and the one who continued loving was lauded as faithful and worthy! But now we know that no man or woman can stay feeling in love by will, and that, therefore, when the partner no longer can cause thrills, the partner is to blame, not the poor young man or girl—as the case may be—who has ceased to love.

Bob is to blame—he has bored Cora, who naturally enjoyed the sensation and emotion of being in love, and therefore would not have thrown it away if she could have helped herself. Bob was stupid and came to see her too often. Then nerves of emotion became numb with over-exaltation, their characters probably were not real mates and there it was!

As Cora began to yawn first, presumably her charm was stronger than Bob's, since he is still

ardent. It must be the case with numbers of fiancés if they would admit it. The mercy is that in this case it has occurred before marriage so that they can part in time.

The reason that love comes is because each partner is unconsciously giving forth magnetic waves which attract the other—and its stay is entirely dependent upon the strength of these waves. If either loses power, the other partner ceases to be drawn, and automatically ceases to feel what we call love. How illogical, then, to reproach either one for what cannot possibly be his or her fault!—and for that which is, technically, your own.

Now is there any way in which human intelligence can guard against this loss of magnetism? Yes, there is. And the first thing to learn is that human beings have an inherent desire for change, and if the one person cannot satisfy this desire by having versatility in himself or herself, the other person will automatically begin to feel indifferent, and eventually will become subconsciously on the lookout for satisfaction elsewhere.

The most religious, the most honorable, the most naturally faithful nature is quite as much under the dominion of this natural law as the most vile.

As I have repeatedly stated, you could not blame a needle for falling from a magnet if the magnet lost its magnetic power—nor could you blame the needle for being drawn to another magnet which still possessed its magnetism, and was placed near the needle. Thus the only way to look at a case like Cora's is with complete common sense. Cora must analyze the situation and discover just what actions, want of actions, habits, tones, ways and looks of Bob's now have ceased to move her or even cause actual revulsion. Then she can determine if it is because of satiety. If it is, she must try seeing less of him, and see if the magnetism returns. On Bob's side if he but knew it—a sudden showing of indifference would re-kindle the female hunting instinct.

The hunting instinct! That is the spark which keeps all human beings alive. Every man and woman living is hunting something. It may be happiness; it may be wealth; it may be ar-

tistic success; it may be health. The most unselfish mother is still hunting something—the happiness and welfare of her children.

How, then, can people imagine that if this instinct, which is life itself, is satiated in love, that love can continue, since love between man and woman is principally concerned with sex magnetism?

There is a deep affection, a love of the spirit, which comes as the evolution of the sex love, which almost seems to soar beyond this natural law. But even it, when analyzed, is fed by the hunting instinct always discovering some new beauty in the spirit. But for the ordinary, everyday "being in love," which Cora and Bob indulge in, neither can afford to satiate the hunting instinct in the other by overfamiliarity.

The only people who are perfectly happy as lovers or wedded mates are those who find satisfaction upon the three planes of body, mind, and soul—then, when the hunting instinct is satisfied on one plane it begins to be active upon another, and thus the demand of change is fulfilled!

Suppose Cora and Bob are satisfactory physical mates—but that Bob's mentality is not equal to Cora's. Whenever Cora finds this blank in him, she not being in the mood for caresses, will subconsciously desire someone who can fill it, and be a companion of the mind. And supposing—worse still—Bob does not understand in the least any of the spiritual longings Cora has—the breach becomes wider, because they are only in harmony when both happen to be under the dominion of physical emotion. Of all the three planes the physical is the one in which weariness is manifest the soonest.

Or it may be that it is just the other way about; Cora may be an empty-headed flapper, and Bob may have an intellectual brain. When Bob is in the mood to want a mental companion Cora is hopelessly inadequate; he find her satisfactory when he is in the mood for which any other woman would do as well! So that there must be many hours in which they have nothing of interest in common and each is bored with the other.

It is much wiser to find out what sort of com-

panions you and your fiancé are going to be, Cora, before taking the vows of marriage. It is best to do this before you become engaged at all—because the privileges which go with engagement are so stimulating to the senses, that your judgment becomes unbalanced and you are unable to form any just view of the situation.

You may say that if you have to use such a lot of head over the affair it is not worth bothering about! Well then, plunge in, enjoy your short spell of bliss, while the emotions are keen—and then do the best you can with unhappiness if it threatens. Fortunately in America there is no lifelong bondage to face. Divorce is easy—if you don't mind the complications it makes if there are children. But when you first grow attracted by someone (I am speaking now to either Bob or Cora) do begin immediately to ask yourself: "Would you feel the mind and soul of the new magnet could hold you in the long, long hours in life when caresses are impossible?" If you know you would be bored, then have courage to break away! For the good of the community,

it is better that happy marriages should take place than that the roll of divorced persons should be swelled.

A good plan is for each fiancé to talk to the other deliberately one day upon his or her hobby, interest, or chief taste—and see what reaction occurs. If Bob shows no real interest when Cora is talking, then she will know they cannot be real companions, and vice versa. If they like to assume marriage bonds after this knowledge, then they should be ready to assume the consequences.

I once made the following observation: *It is possible for a woman to retain the amorous affection of a man for many years—if he only sees her for the best two hours out of each twenty-four.* If you want to hold the love of the one you cherish, act upon that suggestion.

LITTLE THINGS THAT TURN MEN AGAINST YOU

CHAPTER VII

LITTLE THINGS THAT TURN MEN AGAINST YOU

Man is a strange creature. He may fall in love with, or be attracted by, one who is ninety-nine per cent perfection (of course this is merely an imaginary case; I doubt if any woman would score so high). At first, all will go well—he will overlook the one per cent of fault, being blinded by the ninety-nine. But gradually as the brilliancy of perfection dims, he will become conscious of fault. And every day he will become more conscious of it until finally he will be so obsessed with the defect that he will be unable to see at all the brilliancy of the perfection.

You may doubt this. You may think a man would be a fool to overlook ninety-nine virtues and let his happiness be ruined by one fault; but you can believe me when I say that such is often the case. As I told you, men are strange crea-

tures. The wise woman realizes this and acts accordingly. Look to your little faults—they often count more than big virtues.

What reaction do men have to the modern woman's conduct and appearance? You may think that mere man does not have any decided views on this subject, but you would be amazed were you to consult great numbers of them. I have—and I know whereof I speak. And I have received literally thousands of letters from disillusioned husbands and disappointed lovers—bankers, artists, doctors, business men, actors, brokers, truck drivers—old and young—rich and poor. You would be astonished at the little things you women do that disappoint and disillusionize these men—in short, turn them against you.

Of course, some object to this and others to that. But there are a vast array of things women do that all men dislike, and these are the topics I wish to write of. Bear in mind that I am discussing these things from the point of view of the girl who wishes to be utterly attractive, or

the wife who wishes to hold her husband's love —if you do not care about either, then do as you please and disregard the opinions of men.

Let us begin with the things women do to improve their appearance. On one point with respect to this subject all men are agreed: They do not care what a woman does to improve herself, provided it actually *does* improve her, and provided again that they are not conscious of her doing it. Take lip-stick, rouge, or powder, for example. Men do not object to a woman using these things—I am speaking now of the up-and-doing man of to-day—provided she uses them cleverly so that they really do make her look sweeter, and not like an Indian on the warpath. So be careful how you make use of these beautifiers. Here discretion is the secret of attraction.

Never let a man *see* you using rouge, lip-stick, or powder. If there is one thing above all that men object to, it is the use of cosmetics in public, a bad habit many women are guilty of.

Make secrets of your methods of beautification. Powder in private, one might say. Use these

things subtly, less obviously. Be artistic in their use. Men are not attracted by whitewashed noses, or by greasy, overdone lips that would shame the reddest cherry, or at least leave an unpleasant taste if a boy were allowed a kiss.

These may seem small matters in the game of love, but again I repeat: It is the little things that count.

I once thought that most American men liked thinness—I still believe they do object to obesity —they prefer a boyish figure. But if you carry this idea to the point where it amounts to an emaciation, as so many women do to-day, you are going to lose in the race of love. Be careful how you diet! Do not overdo your daily dozen!

Many men judge a woman by her feet and hose—really! And they have very definite likes and dislikes in this matter. The general idea seems to be that if a woman's shoes and hose are meticulously neat, she will otherwise muster, but if they are not—well, she hasn't a chance!

Here are some defects of the lower extremities

that will greatly minimize your chances of attracting men:

Shabby shoes. (A sign, to men, of carelessness.)

Extraordinarily fancy shoes. (Lack of good taste.)

Rundown heels. (More carelessness!)

Feet that bulge out of overtight shoes. (This indicates conceit and lack of sound judgment.)

Hose that wrinkle. (Would make a very unappetizing wife.)

Openwork lace hose. (Vulgar taste.)

Fat ankles. (A misfortune that should be corrected.)

These are a few evils as they appear to your prospective husband. One might go on listing them indefinitely, but the above will serve the purpose for which this is written.

Now perfume. Before and ever since the day Cleopatra's purple-sailed barge floated down the Nile enveloped in gorgeous odors designed to appeal to one of man's most highly developed

senses, perfume has been a potent factor in arousing the love instinct. Cleverly used, it is unquestionably a great asset; used to excess or in poor taste, it is very much of a liability.

Perfumes have personalities. Some are *chic*, others mysterious; here is one that is exotic, there is one that is youthful. Some are like people of good taste and refinement; others are boisterous and vulgar. So you must use great care in selecting a perfume or you may choose one that will not harmonize with your personality.

The kind of soap you use is your own business —the brand of powder, likewise. But the perfume you use is everybody's business, because they cannot escape its clutches. So use discretion. Do not allow yourself to be sniffed at disapprovingly.

If you see the one you admire edging away when you get near, or observe that your husband is growing fractious under the influence of the scent you use, throw the old bottle away and exercise better judgment when you select the new one.

Everyone realizes the varied effects of different

colors. Red is said to be disturbing, blue soothing. These facts are recognized by all, but few perfume users stop to consider that the sense of smell is even more powerful than that of sight. And the odor that gives you greatest pleasure may be very distasteful to others.

Since people do have a smell-remembrance of you, it is very important that you use great care in selecting your perfume. What is more important, select an odor that suits your personality. An exotic scent will be ridiculous if you are demure.

In an office, perfume is quite out of place. In any other place too much of it is objectionable. Be sparing.

American girls, I think, are the most delectable of any in the world. Even so I want to say this: Nothing appeals more to a man than immaculate cleanliness. A stunning beauty, who looks even slightly soiled, will lose out every time to her plain-faced sister so pleasing to the senses.

Men are repulsed by a woman who tries to be

anything she isn't—a flapper, for instance, if she is getting along in years. Your mind may stay young through all the years, and really should; but not your dress, your conversation, or your hair. A grown-up woman who makes use of "baby talk" is an abomination. You cannot be a flapper all your life; so the hairdressing that looks "cute" at twenty is unbecoming at thirty, and ridiculous, to say the least, at forty-five.

Above all, do everything you can to preserve your looks. While a kind heart and a beautiful spirit are wonderful assets, you can scarcely expect a husband to become thrilled at your inside beauty alone when the outside is so neglected. The exterior, somehow, is of great importance to all men. They miss it when it is gone.

Here are a few little things that greatly lessen a woman's charm in most men's eyes:

Red hands or arms.

Finger nails too highly polished or shaped like swords.

Fat women with bobbed hair.

Hair that is "doctored" in any way.

Cheap perfumes.

Whiney voices.

Giggling.

Earrings like chandeliers.

Knickers in the city.

This should be enough to start you thinking along the right lines.

Nearly all married women have little faults that greatly annoy their husbands and eventually dampen their love, if not entirely ruining it.

Gladys perceives that Tom is growing cold. Being a wife—and an illogical creature!—she will think of many reasons for his cooling—all of them wrong! The chances are ten to one that she will never sense the real cause, simply because she will overlook the little things that make for home discomfort, restlessness, dissatisfaction, and unhappiness. If Tom exhibits lack of interest in her, she may say he is drinking too much—wives generally blame someone or something else, not themselves. Or she may think

that perhaps there is "another woman" and that Tom is a fickle creature. But the real cause probably is some little home discomfort she is forcing him to endure.

Exhibit No. 1: *The wife who has a place for everything and insists that everything be always in its place.* Now, no man worth while enjoys an untidy home—I need not warn against that. And no orderly person can rightly object to a place for everything. But how uncomfortable a husband quickly becomes when his wife insists that everything should always be in its proper place. At first he may feel proud of this trait in her. But it will not be long before he will feel as though he is being followed by a vacuum cleaner that is sucking up everything he lays down. And the whole thing can end in only one state—unhappiness.

Exhibit No. 2: *The wife who, periodically, insists upon rearranging all of the furniture.* Some women get these fits at nearly regular intervals. They are a nuisance to themselves and

to everyone else. I once knew a man who told me that when he went home from business at night he never could be positive what the place might look like. And if he dared to enter a darkened room, he was apt to get all tangled up in the newly arranged furniture. Now this is a bad state of affairs that will make any husband unruly. So I give this advice: In every home there is a *best* place for everything. Find those places, put your furniture in them, and let it stay there.

Exhibit No. 3: *The wife who always tells her husband what to do.* There are a great many wives who adopt the attitude of knowing what is best for their husbands. They assume that he has no brains to decide things for himself. A woman of this type always tells her husband when to put on his heavy underwear, and when to take it off. How many cigars he should smoke. To eat his food while it is hot, not realizing that he may prefer it warm. To put on his rubbers when it rains. Don't do this—do that!

Heavens, can't such a woman realize that men, too, have brains! Or does she imagine that she has married a fool, and must look after him!

Exhibit No. 4: *The wife who plans too many social activities for her husband.* Some pestiferous wives insist upon dragging their husbands from one place to another, night after night, week after week, never realizing that even a husband might like a little individual freedom and privacy. First the movies, then bridge, now a concert, and yet a dance. This type of wife usually thinks her husband needs diversion. She does not realize that he might get his greatest diversion from a quiet evening at home, doing absolutely nothing. Or he might enjoy reading the latest by one of his favorite authors.

Exhibit No. 5: *The wife who expects constant attention from her husband.* Why any woman should want any more attention than her husband cares to give, has always been a puzzle to me. Surely anything that is given unwillingly is not worth the having. But there are numberless wives who insist upon these things, and what

is the result? Simply that the husband grows more and more to want to give less.

If you expect your marriage to be happy, I warn you to beware of the following:

Making a husband look small before other women.

Nagging—especially over trifles.

Trying to "boss."

Talking too much.

Interrupting serious conversation with banal interpolations.

Jealousy—when there is no cause for it.

Belittling your husband in public.

Over-praising your husband in public.

Talking too much about yourself.

Recounting stupid little daily happenings when your husband returns tired from the office.

Lying unnecessarily—about the price of things, for instance.

Giving your husband the impression that all of your friends have a better time than you do.

Always complaining of some ailment—generally imaginary. If you really are sick, see a doc-

tor about it, and get well. Don't become one of those chronic mental invalids, so popular among the married. Nothing will quicker disgust a man.

Never allowing your husband personal freedom.

PRESERVING THE ROMANCE AND GLAMOUR OF LOVE

CHAPTER VIII

PRESERVING THE ROMANCE AND GLAMOUR OF LOVE

A very good-looking young man came to tea with me one day. He sighed as he asked, "Where to-day is a man to find a woman full of idealism and tenderness and passion? They are so crammed with matter-of-fact materialism they would just laugh in a fellow's face if he began to be romantic."

I suppose this must be true, since this young man has every charm of person, position, and knowledge of the world, and must be able to command the best wherever he goes.

"Fact is," he said, "everything that gave the wearying old race-continuance business poetic refinement has been ousted by the spirit of this age."

The sad part about these reflections, if they are true, is that the modern lovers are losing such a lot of joy—so many thrills—so much intoxication of the spirit. And I maintain always that they are the only things which raise the "wearying old race-continuance business"—as my young friend called it!—above the animals in the mating season! Glamour! That is it—a mysterious something exalting the imagination and so engendering, not sensuality, but passion. The one is disgusting, the other is divine.

The cause of the alteration in the love emotion is, of course, blatancy—and the cheapening of women by themselves. Whatever they require of men as a price for their smiles, men accord them. If they only require a kind of "hail-fellow-well-met"—"jolly old bean"—"good comrade" attitude—that is what they will receive—so it is up to them. It is impossible to appreciate what you never had, and as most of them do not know the bliss of romance, they do not actually miss it; only they often feel some-

thing is wanting, they know not what. For in their hearts women—and men, too—long for romance.

Walter would like to be gallant and tender to Ann, but he would be afraid of the ridicule with which he believes she would receive his demonstrations. Ann, on her side, secretly would luxuriate in tenderness and sentiment, only she feels that her friends would sneer at her and that "it is not done" in her circle. So the two wade through the dreary commonplace engagement time and enter upon the "wearying old race-continuance business" of matrimony without the aid of any glamour—and so, as soon as the physical capacity for emotion is satisfied and satiated, blank boredom sets in. Ann goes very often to the movies and gets a thrill out of seeing a screen lover; or she goes to Europe and meets a crafty foreigner who has made the temperament of women his life's study—then trouble begins. While poor Walter, grinding for dollars at home, meets some cute flapper who has cunning enough

to act a little romantic for him—and rocks appear ahead! Of course, thousands of individual pairs can refute these things which I say, and I am too thankful that they can.

In my travels around Europe a year ago, in a certain capital where everyone smoked and was extremely up-to-date, I went to the home of a lady who was an American married to a native count. She was as different from all the other people as possible. Very, very quiet and gentle. She never used any slang or asserted woman's independence.

"I don't smoke," she said softly, "because I hate the taste in my mouth and the smell on my things; but other people, of course, should do as they please."

Her big blue eyes were tender and her movements were all soothing. The men were simply intoxicated with love for her. There was a halo of adoration around her. She was the center of romance. And yet there was practically nothing physical about her. She had a pale colorless complexion, and was not the least painted. Al-

though she had a wisp of a figure, she was the essence of what strong men seem to desire females to be! And they worshiped her in consequence. For years I have not seen a woman so surrounded by men's love and devotion. I was very much interested. Here is Romance!

I wish someone would tell me why the American men—alone among the civilized white races—should so often be relegated by their female belongings into the "father class." Continually you have quite young husbands being called by their wives "Poppa," or "Father," and older ones, who have reached middle age, seem seldom to escape this domestic appellation. Now the inference is kindly and protective, but it destroys every ounce of romance. If Ann thinks of Walter as "Poppa," the very reaction upon her subconscious mind would be destructive of the love emotion and aid the jog-trot commonplace side of the union to eventuate.

"Poppa!" My blood would boil with indignation if I were the fine young man I once saw on deck, and heard a plaintive voice calling me

while I was tucking up the dainty toes of a lady fellow-passenger: "Poppa, come here, do, and fix my rug, too."

I saw no tangible reason for this name, no evidence of children about the pair. "Poppa" could not have been more than twenty-six or so, and the wife certainly not more than twenty-three. Why relegate the poor fellow into a good-as-gold, frumpy, old has-been!

I believe the wives are often called "Mother," too, by their husbands, but you do not hear it quite so much. Perhaps there is some deep reason for this strange custom, which may have a sacred meaning for the wives who slip into the habit. Perhaps it gives them a sense of satisfaction and of possession to let everyone know that this male is theirs—"Poppa!"—and so cannot be grabbed by some other woman in ignorance of his chained domestic state.

"Poppa" would certainly be calculated to put flirtatious Kitty off, if she heard Ann calling a man that whom she had thought of as "Walter!"

So after all, it may be a wise kind of verbal halter to place around the wedded husband's neck! But I like romance! And I can't understand how any woman could feel romantic or thrill towards a "Poppa." She might want him badly to put eau de cologne on her head when it ached, pay her bills, see to traveling worries, care for her on rough Atlantic crossings when she was not feeling her best; but I can't imagine her getting a weird thrill in the moonlight in Venice by slipping her hand into his, or feeling a sense of intoxication at his nearness when the nightingales sing!

But then I am shockingly old-fashioned, and believe this best of all human emotion should be kept well wrapped in glamour, and not branded with commonplace. I cannot help smiling when I think how a fascinating Frenchman would rage and expostulate if his spouse called him "Papa" before their lady friends! An Englishman would simply stare and make arrangements to go on a big game shooting expedition! But the best

looking, smartest, most agreeable young American husband just seems to sit down under it—so I may be wrong altogether and I would so much appreciate light being given me.

Is it possible to remain in love when you have slipped into calling Walter "Poppa"? Or does the fact of your unconsciously calling him that show that you have ceased to experience love thrills, and just feel affection? Or is it merely a parrot habit, picked up because so many around you use the word, and meaning nothing at all as a guide to feeling? But to a looker-on—no matter what it really means—it seems just a little tiny bit hard on the man!

The re-creative instinct, which is the fundamental subconscious cause of love, is not, of course, diminishing—or the species would come to an end. But the form which envelops it changes from one age to another. Some ages are more spiritual than others, and when the spiritual is in the ascendant, Romance, and that delicate and beautiful glamour which exalts the

emotions out of just sex gratifications, naturally is more in evidence. Romance goes hand in hand with religion and belief and self-sacrifice.

In this particular age we have outgrown the forms of most religions, although our beings are crying out from some wilderness, more strongly than ever, for a new faith. It is not easy to feel romantic in the bustle and hustle of modern life. It is difficult for Ann to realize her poetic dreams with Walter talking a coarse matter-of-fact slang, chewing gum or smelling unpleasantly from cigarettes. It is just as hard for Walter to feel spiritually exalted when Ann has no mystery for him, and even her red lips and glowing cheeks he sees come quite frankly out of a vanity box. Neither he nor she realizes it, but because of this blatancy they have brought "love" down merely to the thing the animals feel in the mating season. And that is the reason for the brevity of the state of contentment between them, and one of the reasons for the constant divorces which now occur before pairs are out of their twenties.

Love and Romance in these days stay only among natures in tune to them. The majority must obviously be affected by the spirit of the age, and this age is materialistic, and it is absurd to pretend that it is not.

However, human beings always subconsciously long for some spiritual beauty despite the press of business, and even though the example of others may make their lives barren of it all! That is why Romance on the stage and screen is so demanded. Self-assertiveness in women and matter-of-factness in men, kill all romance.

The destroying of mystery between the sexes is another factor for its extinction. Anything which promotes selfishness is not good for it either.

But it lies in the hand of every lovely little girl to call it back to her life if she wants to, and cover herself with a cloak of glamour, develop a magnetic personality, and retain some mystery. It is a divine thing to be passionately worshiped

—much nicer than just being desired by one man after another and kissed and mauled in different motor cars. Try it and see!

OUTWITTING "THE OTHER WOMAN" AND "THE OTHER MAN"

CHAPTER IX

OUTWITTING "THE OTHER WOMAN" AND "THE OTHER MAN"

If a husband becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or "the other woman"? And how can a wife solve such a love triangle if it threatens?

Perhaps some women may not like my arguments because they may not find they are soothing to their egotism, but that cannot be helped—they are the truth—and will certainly help those with common sense.

Let us suppose that you have a partner in some business you have undertaken together and you suddenly begin to suspect that a third person is trying to cut in, or that your partner is attracted toward a new venture which does not contain you as a factor—what would you do? Would

you sit down and cry, and nag at your associate, and do everything which unbalanced emotion prompted you to express? Or would you quietly pause and determine what were the causes of the new situation? Had you been to blame in any way for the occurrences or were they caused by some outside source?

Then when you had decided upon these points —would you not use your best wits to eradicate the cause, or nullify the results? Of course, you would. But in a love triangle the emotion of jealousy so upsets the intelligence and the judgment that nearly always the wife accelerates the threatened catastrophy. Let us suppose Bob and Laura have begun by being very happy lovers— then, neither deliberately employing the only certain means of remaining so (that is, of keeping themselves attractive and charming to each other), they have drifted on for a year or two. Each is really full of affection for the other but the little observances which keep emotion alive having been quite dropped between them, each is ready to respond if a new emotional interest comes along.

In this case it is Bob who becomes tempted. A woman appears who has glamour—she reawakes the thing in him Laura has allowed to sleep. But Laura senses it immediately. If she is a fool she makes a scene and reproaches Bob—and that is the beginning of the end—the new woman appears more precious to him by contrast and because she is being taken away from him—he hangs on to her more closely than ever.

But if Laura is a bright girl—she begins using her business sense—and she analyzes what is the other woman's charm? If it is in the very beginning she has an even chance of getting Bob back completely. She may notice that the other woman is a more passionate type—and she may know that she, herself, has grown cold—it may be that. Or she may discover the other woman can talk of interesting things and Laura may have grown to bore Bob with domestic worries. It may be that.

Or it may be the other woman is in no way a worthy rival for her—but she is simply "the other woman." Bob's hunting instinct which she, her-

self, has satiated, or let sleep, is awakening again. If this is the case, she had better be lovely to him —and try in herself to express the other woman's attribute or intelligence or fascination or whatever it may be. If she cannot do this—then she had better very quietly and without any temper, or emotion, tell Bob that she has noticed that he is being tempted—and that she wants him, while there is yet time, to review the situation, and where it may lead them all, and then decide if it is worth while.

She can tell him that she truly understands and that it may be her own fault—and that after he has thoroughly analyzed the situation, if the temptation is excessive—won't he go away for a little? Or if this is not possible, the last resource is to say to him: "Very well, I will put no obstacles in your way—see her every day if you wish, for a month, and then when you are tired come back to me." By this action Laura will have removed half of the other woman's attraction—that of being forbidden fruit! If Laura can control herself during this month to be par-

ticularly charming to Bob—give him the best food that she knows he likes, whenever he does come home—make the house nice for him, and ask in some interesting friends that she knows he always wants to see, never reproaching him and never looking "pained" but taking the whole thing as a sort of joke or as she would if Bob were having the measles—then the natural course of things will be that Bob will feel a little ridiculous; Laura taking his new "fancy" as of no account, will detract from the woman's value in his eye, and if he really loves Laura underneath, he will gradually come back to her.

Only Laura, once you have secured him again, never slip into the commonplace ways which caused him to leave you. If you want to hold a man, give him the thing he wants—in moderation, of course—not what you think he ought to desire, or what you think best for him to have. If he desires Romance (like poor Babbitt) give him that—if intelligence, if passion—whatever it is, but only in the measure which will make him crave for more.

And remember, if he is attracted by another woman, having loved you, it is because you have failed in some way. So look to yourself before you blame him. And also remember that Nature made man a polygamous animal, or the human race would cease to be—so you can only hold his constant desire by using your intelligence to make yourself always attractive.

You can hold him by law and duty in some cases, but he will be bored to death. You can hold him by fear of scenes—and he will hate you. But you can only hold him in joy and bliss if you continue to make yourself the *thing he desires.*

Now what is a man to do if a love triangle threatens him? I am presuming it is the first time since marriage such a thing has occurred. Part of his action must be the same as I have suggested to Laura—but not all—because the psychological working of the female mind is different to that of the male. Different things have different influences upon her.

We will suppose that Bob suddenly becomes

aware that another man is on the scene. Until then he has not found Laura taking interest in anyone but himself—or he may have seen her respond gaily to admiration just because her vanity was flattered, nothing more. But this time he can sense that something deeper than this is drawing her. This arouses his jealousy—he becomes furious—he would like to destroy his rival and call Laura fickle and wicked and anything else he can think of!

Not one man out of a hundred would stop to ask himself how he was to blame in the matter! What he had done, or left undone, which had dulled Laura's affection for him—whether or no the new man was obviously more interesting and attractive than himself, and, therefore, more likely to please women. Whether he had thrown Laura into temptation, or any reasoning whatever.

Most men simply rave—and that is the end of it—and of course the new interest increases by contrast. Or, if they do not do this, they may be easy-going pusillanimous creatures, never mas-

ters in their own homes or in any woman's heart. But as I am going to give you advice, Bob, pay attention! You have just become aware that Laura has for another that light in her eyes which you once saw turned to you. Then you must begin this analysis of yourself to discover where you have failed.

Have you become careless in your person? Have you disgusted her? Have you killed all romance? Have you been selfish? Have you been ungenerous about money? Have you been drinking too much? What in common sense have you done? Because love only dies because the other person no longer puts out the magnetism which arouses it, so obviously you have lost the power which once held Laura. So you are most probably to blame unless she has a wanton character, and in that case you ought not to have married her—and now should be glad to be rid of her!

If, after careful analysis, you have discovered what you did, or did not do, which left her at the

mercy of a new emotion—then seek to repair your fault. Be lovely to her, show mastery, let her see you value her, and then speak straight out. Tell her it is paining you. She will then probably let you know why she no longer loves you, and you can correct your past mistakes of conduct. Then tell her that you do not mean to put up with playing second fiddle. Show that you are not a weakling. It is not possible for men to give women the rope, as I advised Laura, because of woman's different constitution—it would be too soiling. And the demonstration of the hunting instinct is not the same in both sexes.

If Bob gave Laura a month to see as much as she wanted of the new man, she would probably go off with him. So Bob has to show he is master immediately, not by anger and reproaches, but while being loving and kind himself, still being firm. Laura will then respect him, and if she has good sense, she will curb her own feelings, and if the new attraction has not become too strong she will crush it out. If it has, then the

game is up in any case—and Bob had better decide what he means to do about it. Divorce—or eat humble pie.

But many women would return to home, happiness, and security only too gladly if the husband in the case became once more a lover. It is the thought of being denied all joy in their lives forever more which would make them cling to the new man who seems to be going to give it to them.

BABIES AND BIRTH CONTROL

CHAPTER X

BABIES AND BIRTH CONTROL

Is marriage worth while without babies?

Before this question can be answered intelligently, I must explain that there are three types of men and women:

1. The "lover-type"—those primarily interested in love itself, to whom children would be merely an accessory, to be had, or not to be had, as the case might be. Anyone in this class could get along nicely with or without babies.

2. The "mother-type" and the "father-type" —those primarily interested in children and the home—to whom all else is of secondary importance. Not to have children would be a great sorrow to anyone in this class.

3. The "neuter-type"—those primarily interested in careers, achievements, and things mental

—to whom the lover interest or mother interest would be of little or no consequence.

Now we can proceed to answer the question intelligently.

The first thing to do is to ask yourselves—you, Jack and Jill—to which class do you belong? What are you really marrying for? Is it because you have that passionate desire to be near each other which must be satisfied—and that alone is your true reason? Are you, then, of the "lover-type"? Or do you feel that each of your minds craves the sympathy of the other—and that you want to be life companions? Do you feel that you are enough for each other in every way and will be in the coming years? Are you of the "neuter-type"? In either case, you could get along happily without children—if it should be necessary for you to do so.

Some women are essentially "mother" women. The child matters to them in truth more than the man. A girl may have this nature and may not be conscious of it. She may be a tender crea-

ture, and very young; and she may love her sweetheart fondly and believe that HE can satisfy everything in her. But no matter how kind and loving he continues to be after he is her husband, she will have a constant longing for a child. She will be unsatisfied and subconsciously unhappy.

A young man may also think that the girl he loves is enough, but when fulfillment comes he may know just the same aching void. He is of the "father" men. Then a marriage without children is a sorrow.

But in these cases philosophy must enter and the pair must decide. Are they better off together without children than they would have been unmarried? If they agree that they are better off, then they should crush their longings and try to be content. But these are tragic cases because their instincts are aroused for Nature's plan for continued population of the earth. They have the natural urge of healthy, normal humanity, and if either girl or man knows that

she or he possesses this urge before marriage, then it is wise to chance poverty and fulfill God's meaning. But civilization has developed minds which create thoughts—so to speak—not bodies —and they are content to have mates who will propagate their brain children. Their thoughts carry on—so they have their place also in the scheme of things, and we do not know if they may not be part of the divine idea for the regulation of population.

There is no doubt that no marriage that is sterile can be so complete as one where two beings who really love each other have children to interest them and "carry on." But supposing that material resources are narrow and the standard of living that both partners have been accustomed to would not be possible if they married and had to support a family. Then I do not see why they are to be debarred all happiness because they cannot secure the greatest. Only they must take extra pains to BE enough for each other. And they ought to be sure that their means really are too slender—and not merely use this as an excuse

to dodge responsibility and exercise their selfishness.

It is so narrow to lay down rules for all. The great thing to know is the nature of your mate before you take vows with him—or her. If future lives together were studied and planned with as much intelligence as a new business enterprise is, how much happiness it would save!

If your mate is a "lover woman," that is, she likes you better than children, it would be quite safe to marry her on small means and have no offspring. If she is of the "neuter" nature, interested only in ideas—or if you are of that caliber yourself—it is even more safe. But if she is of the "mother" type—then it generally will be a failure because of her longing for children. So, whatever nature your own is, be sure your partner's is the same—then you can count upon contentment—but in no other way.

Should the number of children ever be limited?

Again the answer depends upon conditions. If to have an unlimited number would work hardship to the whole family—a real hardship, I

mean, not an imaginary one—then I should say that the number should be limited by all means.

It is not the fault of children that they are brought into this world—they have no voice in the matter. So it is certainly the paramount duty of parents to see that they have no more children than they can properly fit for the business of life. What greater sin can parents commit than bringing many children into the world without deep thought for their future, without adequate plans for their training, without sufficient funds for their education? And yet this is happening every day, in all countries of the world. What is the result? These poor, half-equipped humans are thrown into the turmoil of life—which is hard even under the most favorable circumstances—without the proper tools to do their duty as it should be done. You see the results everywhere—pitiful failures, hardened criminals, and all manner of physical, mental, and moral perverts.

You hear a lot of foolish talk from small-minded people about this question. The important thing is to look at it without bias or prejudice and find your answer by the use of common sense.

What will happen to the race in general, and our civilization in particular, if the best women refrain from motherhood or limit their offspring, and leave this function to the newer citizens who are constantly coming to this country, or have recently come, from the peasantry of Europe?

A certain school of modern philosophers argue that the downfall of all civilizations is caused by the coldest, purest, and best women refraining from motherhood and leaving the carrying on of the race to the ardent and physically complacent, who then produce offspring without great nervous energy or strength of character.

The array of facts—historical and others—which these philosophers bring forward to support their theory is perfectly staggering. I would love to hear an argument between one of them and the ablest member of some of the wom-

en's clubs where they hold the belief that women are the superior beings and their emancipation is a proof of the regeneration of the human race. I hold no brief for either side—but I would like to hear the arguments between them.

Supposing, as a hypothesis, we pretend that we accept the proof of the array of facts showing that all nations improved when no selection of mate was permitted to women, who were just forced to marry any man whom their parents selected, and when monogamous, indissoluble marriage held their lives—what would have to be done about it in this generation, where the very idea is ludicrous?

It seems to me that the same result could be obtained by elevation of the spirit—so that duty and patriotism and self-respect governed woman's existences a great deal more than mere desire. If only the women with intelligence, freedom of thought, strength of character, and talent had children, a race of mental giants would follow. But unfortunately very clever women each year

grow less inclined to make ties, and the population is carried on through the willing, the brainless, and the mediocre, with the result that the quality of intelligence is bound to decrease.

The mothers of great men were generally exceptional women—either cold, severe, highly gifted, or with a great devotion to duty. I cannot remember a single one with the character and tastes of the modern flapper. The mother matters far more than the father to the child's intelligence, it would seem. I wish someone would write a volume upon the characters and habits of the mothers of great men through history. It would serve as a lesson to us.

But what I am wondering about is this: Supposing it could be proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the views of the philosophers I have alluded to are correct, would it affect any number of modern young women? Or is the civilized human race becoming so unpatriotic and casual that only complete indifference to the

future status of the generations to come would be shown? Put the question to your friends. You will receive some illuminating answers!

I believe that if every English-speaking woman was fully aware that the future of her country might lay in the ability or non-ability of herself and her sister women to produce offspring highly developed mentally, there must be many thousands of them who are now indifferent about the matter who would then consider it a sacred duty to have children.

It must never be forgotten that no matter how fine women's individual minds are, and no matter how they use them with the avowed intention of raising humanity, their usefulness dies with them if they have given no citizens to carry on with like brains. So when all the marvelously clever, mateless women which this century and the war and the scarcity of men have produced, are dead, what will they have accomplished? You may answer, the beginning of a new era for women in

the future—of freedom and independence. Granted—for one generation more—but if that spirit of independence goes on augmenting, less women of brains will marry, in each succeeding generation, until there will be no more high mentalities born in either sex. And what then? That is the point I want you to consider.

Do you care, or are you quite indifferent to the future of your race? If quite indifferent, be as selfish as you want to be—eat, drink, and be merry, for the body of you will certainly die and since your indifference proves that you are not interested in the spirit, it will not matter. But if you do care, then it is your duty to study this matter and when you have come to a conclusion, act accordingly—and, above all, aid in spreading the knowledge to others.

Far be it from me to give the impression that women should not go forward, and should not have freedom and emancipation. The higher their brains rise the better for the race, if they

become mothers. The only point I maintain is that if, after studying the question, they are convinced that the future does lie in their hands, they should then cultivate a spirit of patriotism strong enough to make them do voluntarily what in past generations they were forced to do against their wills when they represented mere property of a father to exploit as he thought best. This will be the millennium.

I could never accept for one moment, however, the idea which some philosophers try to prove; namely, that the warring resentment of cold, intellectual women forced into motherhood produced the finest nervous organization and brain capacity of the offspring. Surely consenting and intelligent motherhood would be higher still. And that seems to me the answer to the whole question.

Is marriage happier with children—or without them?

Some people argue that children bring the husband and wife closer together and add depth to

their love; others claim that children are often the beginning of unhappiness because they tend to separate the mother and father. She has new interests and shares her love between her husband and her children, whereas formerly the husband was the recipient of it all. Furthermore, motherhood, with its attendant duties, is said often to cause unhappiness because of its trying nature, but more especially because the wife cannot always join her husband in the old joys they always shared together—so the old pal-ship is lost.

I suppose there are two sides to every argument, but I believe the opinion of the vast majority is that no marriage is complete without babies. A childless marriage is contrary to the will of the Creator—else why did He endow humans with the capacity for reproduction?

The rôle of mother is not an easy one. On the contrary, it generally is a great sacrifice, for which there is little material reward, but much of the spiritual and mental. The mother does not have

an easy life, nor a very happy one. Although we are told that two—or three, or five—can live as cheaply as one, it is not so. Consequently, mothers do without. Housework may bring satisfaction at times—but it is often very monotonous! Having children is not the pleasantest business in the world. In fact, a mother generally is consumed by her children. To her, they are herself—but to themselves they are complete. The mother sacrifices, gives her all, year after year—actually gives herself—then suddenly, almost before she realizes, the children are grown up—they have gone! They have their own interests which are not hers—they have their own lives to lead, and their own happiness to look after, as it should be—so they go their own way, often forgetting the mother and her sacrifices. She is left alone—very much alone.

By this time she has lost her outside interests. She has become detached from the affairs of the world, she was so busy. Of course she *meant*

to keep up with the times, but few do who devote their lives to families. So, there isn't much left for her.

Not a very pretty picture, you will say.

And yet, a mother is repaid over and over for every sacrifice she makes—in the joy she derives from her children, and even from her many sacrifices. What is more wonderful, more soul-satisfying, than to see children slowly growing to manhood and womanhood. The first tooth, the amazing spectacle of human understanding, the happy school days, and best of all, the incomparable satisfaction that only is a mother's when she sees the babies she has so carefully nursed, so religiously trained, and so tirelessly guided in the right, take their honored parts in life's performance—for which SHE has so completely fitted them! Surely this is worth more than any sacrifice, however great.

This problem of children, then, simmers down to this:

A marriage without babies may be, and often

is, entirely worth while, provided both parties are of the lover-type or the neuter-type, and provided neither are of the mother or father type. If either are of the latter type, then a marriage without babies will be a sorrow, for one at least.

If the material resources of the parties are narrow, and the standard of living that both have been accustomed to could not be maintained if there were children, then I think they might be justified in marrying and enjoying a childless marriage—provided, of course, that neither are of a passionately child-loving nature. I do not think that such people should be denied the happiness of marriage simply because they cannot fulfill its highest mission.

As to whether marriage is happier with children, or without them, I think it depends entirely upon the natures of the parties, as stated above. You must carefully weigh the facts in your own case and then decide for yourself, according to the rules I have set down. It certainly is true,

however, that a marriage without babies is not fulfilling the mission for which it was intended—and the parties to it are missing the greatest satisfaction in this world—so choose carefully!

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

CHAPTER XI

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

It is very important to realize that it is dangerous to leave things to chance once the marriage is accomplished. The attitude of numbers of women is that they would prefer to go on being happy with their first choice of a husband rather than think, "Oh, what does it matter? I may as well have matrimonial experience and get out of it at the end of a year or two, if the union does not work."

To begin being happy and to continue so, is the wise thing. No one should marry without due thought and study of character. And then when once married—say after the first three months—I would recommend a stock-taking, so to speak. Is everything going even better than expected? Is Walter being exactly what Ann

wanted him to be? Is he slackening off or is he becoming more eager? And to all these questions ascertain—"if so, why?"

Of course, if Ann is a very dainty creature, as nearly every American girl is, it is quite probable that Walter has begun actually to disillusion her, more than she has disillusioned him. Walter may be growing a trifle careless about small, intimate things which he used to be particular about in the very beginning—or he may have become the least bit brotherly and affectionate instead of lover-like and filled with ardor. If so—beware, Walter! For your delicately-exquisite Ann, with her well-groomed person and her attention to the beauty parlor mandates, will automatically lose interest in you if you do not keep up to the mark. She won't know why—but you will not be able to thrill her any more—just that!

I should say that in England the men are sooner disillusioned than the women—in matrimony; and in America the women sooner begin

to cool off than the men. And for the same reason in both countries. Taken as a mass, the American women are the most well-groomed, personally-refined women in the world—and the same can be said of the English men. So the English woman who is not naturally so dainty as the American may put off her superlative mate —and the American young man who is a little uncouth through beginning work so young, though he may be full of noble qualities, may affront the delicate refinement and elegance of his lovely little lady.

I saw two very interesting examples of honeymoon couples last week. At one of the very chic night clubs there was a young Englishman and his bride. I knew them both—of great families. They were still in love, one could see, and he was saying nice little things to her with a look in his eyes.

At another table three young men were sitting, and one of them perhaps had been an old admirer of the bride's. He gazed at her with frank ad-

miration, and the young husband's glance grew fierce—and when the man came up to ask her to dance the husband immediately said no—though quite smilingly—she was dancing with him, and he seized her and took her off onto the dance floor, and as the girl passed a look of gratification and radiant happiness shone in her face, and I heard her say, "Oh, Guy, you are deliciously jealous!" And although I could not hear his answer, by the way he clasped her to start the dance, I am sure he was saying, "Darling—of course I am—I love you!"

The other pair were American—she simply perfect, fair as a lily, golden-haired, and just as fresh and appetizing as a May blossom. He the wee-est trifle "worthy"—that is, good as gold, devoted, but with no "look in his eye!" The same gay young man came up and asked this bride to dance—they were all the same world and friends in society. She hesitated a moment, and the husband said, "Why, of course; go, honey." And off the lovely little thing went with the gay guardsman. The husband, far from being jeal-

ous, leant back in his chair, lit a cigarette and watched her with the same kind of admiration that a fond father would have shown. Then he came over to our table, and in the most kind voice said, "I am giving Elaine just the best time Europe can give her. Isn't she a peach?"

I quite agreed with him about that, but with my world-old knowledge of human nature, I wondered if this unselfishness and complacency were quite as satisfying and exciting to Elaine as the ardent, love-selfishness of the other young husband was to Mary—the other bride! It might just be that Elaine would begin to find more "pep" in the daring unbrotherly Europeans—especially in Paris, and in her contrary, feminine heart unconsciously resent this over-trust and good-nature in her husband—who knows? But in any case there is not a woman living who does not feel a thrill when the man she loves gives her to understand that he adores her, wants her only for himself, and is ready to hold her against the world! She forgives even his selfishness.

Among a packet of letters I have just received are two so remarkable as expositions of the human heart that I am going to quote them.

Strangely enough, they are from a pair who three years ago were husband and wife—both had read my last book, "The Philosophy of Love," and had been interested in my analysis of things; and both write to me without the other's knowledge, and from different places, but signing their names. What an extraordinary coincidence, is it not?

I am going to take the wife's letter first. She says that she was always an independent girl, and had always had her own way. She admits that men did not seem to like her as much as her companions!—perhaps, she ingenuously says, because she had a constant desire to boss them! She just could not help correcting them when they made blunders. However, a year before America came into the war she met a man two years younger than herself who seemed to look up to her as a goddess. He was handsome and had enough

money; her delight to find herself loved like other women enveloped him with glamour, so that she believed herself to be really in love, and she married him.

They had one truly happy year, in which she forgot her desire to set everyone right at every moment and was just human and loving. They had no child, and then he went off to war. After he had gone she returned to her clubs and her (to be quite frank!) bossing of humanity! Strong intellectual interests grew up, and from an uncle she inherited what in her home town was considered a fair fortune. Her every instinct to rule and over-rule evidently had an outlet, and by the time her Tom returned from France she was the chief personage in the place. He had been slightly wounded and was still rather under the effects of it. His old dash had gone, so had much of the profits of his business, which he had had to neglect. In short, the magnetic something which had covered him with glamour was no longer there.

She honestly admits she had no time for him. Her many clubs, and the social centers of which she was the head, called for all her hours, and when he remonstrated with her on her neglect, she felt that he had no right to criticise her, since it was her money which was paying for their house and giving them their position! She continues with the history thus: "Well, things were like that until he went off one day, and so I divorced him."

Then the letter goes on to reveal that another woman, richer, more magnetic, has sprung up and has rather ousted her from her leadership. At the same time an artist has come to live in the town, a foreigner. He is a pianist. All her friends are "crazy" about him, and she herself feels his fatal fascination, and that she is on the brink of committing any folly he may demand of her. Her nerves are all wrong, she has headaches, she smokes a hundred cigarettes a day, she keeps being haunted by the memory of Tom and the one happy year she had known. At thirty-

four her life is a wreck. She knows she will run off with Signor S—— who has a wife in Europe —and what is she to do! ! !

This infinitely pathetic picture of the result of unchecked desire for self-expression and the disregarding of nature's laws, should serve as a warning to many young women who are growing unconscious egotists. Now my advice to this poor thing is this: Let her spend a quiet day in merciless self-analysis until she discovers that every single change in her career has been her own doing. Let her realize that her megalomania in the beginning kept men from her, and that the desire to dominate and express self alienated her from Tom. That it is humanly natural, and physiologically beneficial, for such a nature as hers to have the counterbalance of a loving human mate, which she thrust from her. And that always when nature is thwarted her impulses turn to diseased desires, which now show themselves in her passion for over-smoking and the unbalance of her infatuation for the married pianist.

What she should do is to use her will to stop the cigarettes, and her pride and her common sense to control her perverted sex passion for the foreigner, and take a holiday in the open air with much exercise, until she is normal again. Then curb her domineering manners and desires to rule, and look out for a kindly human mate.

Now I want to discuss the husband's letter I received recently. This poor "Tom" was just a normal human man who went to the war! His letter is much shorter than that his wife wrote me, but reveals his character just as plainly. He says he was worshippingly enamoured of Sophie—so I shall call her—and her two years seniority seemed to add to her charm. He thought all her learning wonderful, and her superior knowledge something to respect. They were so happy for that one perfect year—then he went to the war.

In France, in the hospital, when he was wounded, he met a girl V. A. D. nurse, a very gentle creature who made him feel like a hero. She was not clever like Sophie, but fair and pretty

and appealingly sweet. Her blue eyes looked at him with adoration. Everything chivalrous stirred in him. He dared not make love to her, and finally he left the hospital and came back to America, longing to find Sophie and pour out all the wonderful new emotions, which the gentle nurse had aroused in his heart, upon her who had been his ideal.

But he found Sophie very much changed—all the part of her nature which he used to shut his eyes to had come uppermost. She refused all his caresses. She left him "for a pack of cackling women." She snubbed him in private and in public, made him feel like a fool; and finally, when she had turned him into a laughing stock before his men friends, he just walked off and began a new business in another town.

Then Sophie divorced him, and since then he has been experiencing a living fight between his dual selves. One side of him wishes to be a monk and devote his life to abnegation and good works—he even suggests going to the lepers'

island!—and the other desires life and love.

He finds himself intensely moved by the chorus in a musical comedy which came to his town. He longs to speak with the pretty girls, and then he thinks of the sweet little nurse, and then of his wife. His whole days are disturbed. He has to force himself to attend to his business, which is sedentary. He is losing interest in everything. He is restless and often wonders if he will blow his brains out and have done with it.

He fears to remarry lest he should be deceived a second time. His conscience will not permit him to have any illicit relations. He fears and yet loves women, and he is utterly miserable.

Now what I am going to tell him is this: First, to arrange his business so that he may have plenty of hard physical exercise, riding, or playing golf, or anything which takes him into the open air and gives him relaxation for his nerves, so that he is so tired that he sleeps soundly. His thoughts will become much more balanced then.

After he is normal and reasonable, he should look around and seriously think about selecting a mate. He should avoid the self-assertive types like Sophie, and the too sugary. He should use his reason and study the girl's character well before he asks her to marry him, and when he finds one in whose eyes he sees love for himself, then he should marry and settle down, and try to remain the master in his own house.

The kind of man Tom reveals himself to be is so often the servant and not the master of women —and there is something in the female nature which seems unable to resist the temptation to bully and trample on a male slave. So Tom should certainly select a partner who is gentle enough for him to lead, and fond enough for him to lavish his great fund of affection and tenderness upon. Then he may expect happiness. For if he goes on as he is, his end will be a lunatic asylum.

I have often thought: What should a modern bride expect in a husband? All things have so

completely changed, even since her mother took on matrimony, that there is no use in imagining that the domestic relation is the only one in which observances have remained stationary!

Girls have been accustomed to complete freedom when once they leave whatever business they are engaged in—and such numbers of girls are engaged in business now—that I am writing particularly for them.

Well, Ann has, perhaps, lived at home with her parents, or she may have shared a flat with a girl friend. In any case, she has been able to arrange her spare time as she pleases. She has not had to consider others' likes and dislikes once free of the office. So she may have grown a little selfish, and being thoroughly sophisticated, she knows how to take care of herself. And knows the ways of men.

So, if she stops to think, without the glamour of love clouding her judgment, she ought to realize that she cannot expect of the modern man what her mother expected—and generally got!

He, on his side, has a far more strenuous existence than his father had. His nervous force must be continuously on the alert, or he does not succeed in his business. He cannot give time to female companionship except on Sunday. He is likely to be tired and strained when he returns home at the end of each week day.

So Ann, after the honeymoon is over, must keep all this in mind. If she wants him to go on being a lover, she must first think of how she can refresh and revive him when she comes in from "down-town." She should have the house dainty —and herself appetizing. Then she should leave him free for a while to bathe and dress, or rest, before bothering his tired mind in any way. Then, when he is refreshed, and they can dine, she will find him charming and ready to please her in whatever is HER way.

If Ann fulfills her side of the bargain—using her business knowledge of how to handle men to guide her—she can very fairly expect of her husband great devotion and much of his spare time. But she must remember that if he is a

real man, worth loving, he will have some hobby —some interest in sport, or some taste, which may not altogether interest her. She must not seek to hamper him in the indulgence of this unduly. For if she makes herself sufficiently attractive to him she will know that to be with her will REALLY draw him more strongly than anything else, once the male instinct for sport is satisfied a little.

She can expect in a modern husband that he will be fair and generous with money, considerate of her comfort in the home, and that he will be faithful to her—if she fulfills her side. But as life is now a rush, and most young people constantly spend their evenings at restaurants, theaters, movies, or in dancing with their friends, Ann cannot expect that her husband will not talk to, or look at, any other woman but herself. She will dance and talk with other men, so why should not Walter have the same privilege? She must expect nothing of him that she could not give herself.

If both are engaged in business and only meet in their spare hours, then she will have to keep a guard over herself that she is not fretful and tiresome when she returns home. For once she lets herself go, and shows him that she is not the angel he thinks she is, eventually he will become disillusioned and happiness will fly.

The task of keeping the home happy is far harder for a woman than a man because women have to be sought after—not the seekers, and the only way they can ever REALLY hold men is by their charm.

The idea of the old saying that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" is truly a fallacy, because of the entire difference between the nature of men and the nature of women and the functions in the world they have to fulfill. I dare say if they were simply to be eaten by cannibals, the same sauce might make them equally appetizing. But the meaning which the old adage is meant to convey is nonsense. And the worst of it is that numbers of women really be-

lieve it—and imagine that men will be exactly the same as themselves!

Ann can expect her husband's protection and sympathy, but not in the measure in which former generations expected it. And the more women strive for independence the less tolerance and support men will give them, so, before they marry, they should make up their minds what they really want and act accordingly. Many women now prefer perfect freedom and emancipation to the protection of any man—only, Ann, do not really want the one thing and then act in the way which will only bring you the other. In short, the modern girl should expect from a husband the exact reaction of what she means to give—nor more nor less.

What a young man must expect in a wife is a girl much more independent and emancipated than his mother was, a girl probably much better educated, and accustomed to plenty of pleasure. A girl who probably has not been taught any discipline or been broken in to home duties, but

because of being more intelligent, is likely to learn them more quickly than his mother would have learned them if she had been equally ignorant. His wife may be a girl who, unless he has made her love him so dearly that her true thought is for him and their mutual happiness, will certainly grow restive under dull conditions of life —and who will want to be taken out and amused.

A young man has a big task in front of him who marries in these days, but he must go with the times.

There is one thing about these modern days which makes marriage not so serious a thing— and that is the easiness of divorce. Because of the easiness great pains to make the marriage bond a success are not taken, as formerly, when couples subconsciously knew they would have to stay with one another forever. But nearly every one hopes it will be all right, and that a happy old age will see Walter still the husband of Ann.

And so we get back to what a young man ought to expect in a wife.

He has the right to expect:

That she will order his home nicely for him, if he allows her the money to do so;

That she will use enough intelligence to give him what he likes to eat;

That she will make herself pleasing to his eye when he comes in after business, and not worry him to death when he is tired.

He must not expect to wield that authority over her which his father wielded over his mother —or for that, we ought perhaps to go back to the grandparents! His Ann will not obey him just because he is a MAN—she will only obey him if he has that kind of character which is obeyed by both sexes.

In these days he cannot stand upon any of the rights of a husband—Ann will snap her fingers at him, and may go to a sympathetic lawyer, who will turn over the pages of his reference book to find which state grants divorce for the enormity which Ann tells him Walter has committed.

And lo and behold! Walter will find himself divorced and having to pay alimony before he can sneeze! So he had better start in by realizing that Ann will not stand anything she does not like.

He has to expect to take her out at least part of the time. The old idea of leaving her moping at home all the time while he went off with boon companions is quite exploded. If Walter does not amuse Ann, he cannot expect that she won't find amusement elsewhere.

He can expect that she will be a much more interesting companion than girls used to be, and if he is sympathetic to her, they may grow into the best of friends. But he cannot expect that if he is coarse and uncouth, with unpleasant personal habits, such as many young men unfortunately have, Ann will go on loving him forever, shutting her eyes to them, as her mother would have done. Ann will protest, and rightly, and he will have to change if he wants to keep her.

Young husbands in these days have to watch their steps. "Sympathetic" juries are all on the woman's side—and no modern girl will willingly allow herself to be trodden upon.

But one thing Walter may be sure of, if HE is a strong character, if he has great self-respect, if he makes Ann love him, she will be just as docile, just as tender, just as helpful as any grandmother was. And she will probably be twice as intelligent as well.

It is entirely in Walter's hands, as it has always lain in a man's hands, what sort of a wife he develops his sweetheart into. If he is a creature the sex will respect, obey, and love—he may be sure his individual girl will do so, too. But if he is a lazy, self-indulgent weakling—or an over good-natured good fellow—or a servant to his own passions in any way—it is not the least use what he EXPECTS, which just being a MAN gave male creatures the right to expect in past days, he will not get it. It is in a woman's hands to make a man happy in his home—but it lies in

a man's hands to make himself into a master. Custom and law won't help him now—so it is up to him!

THE END